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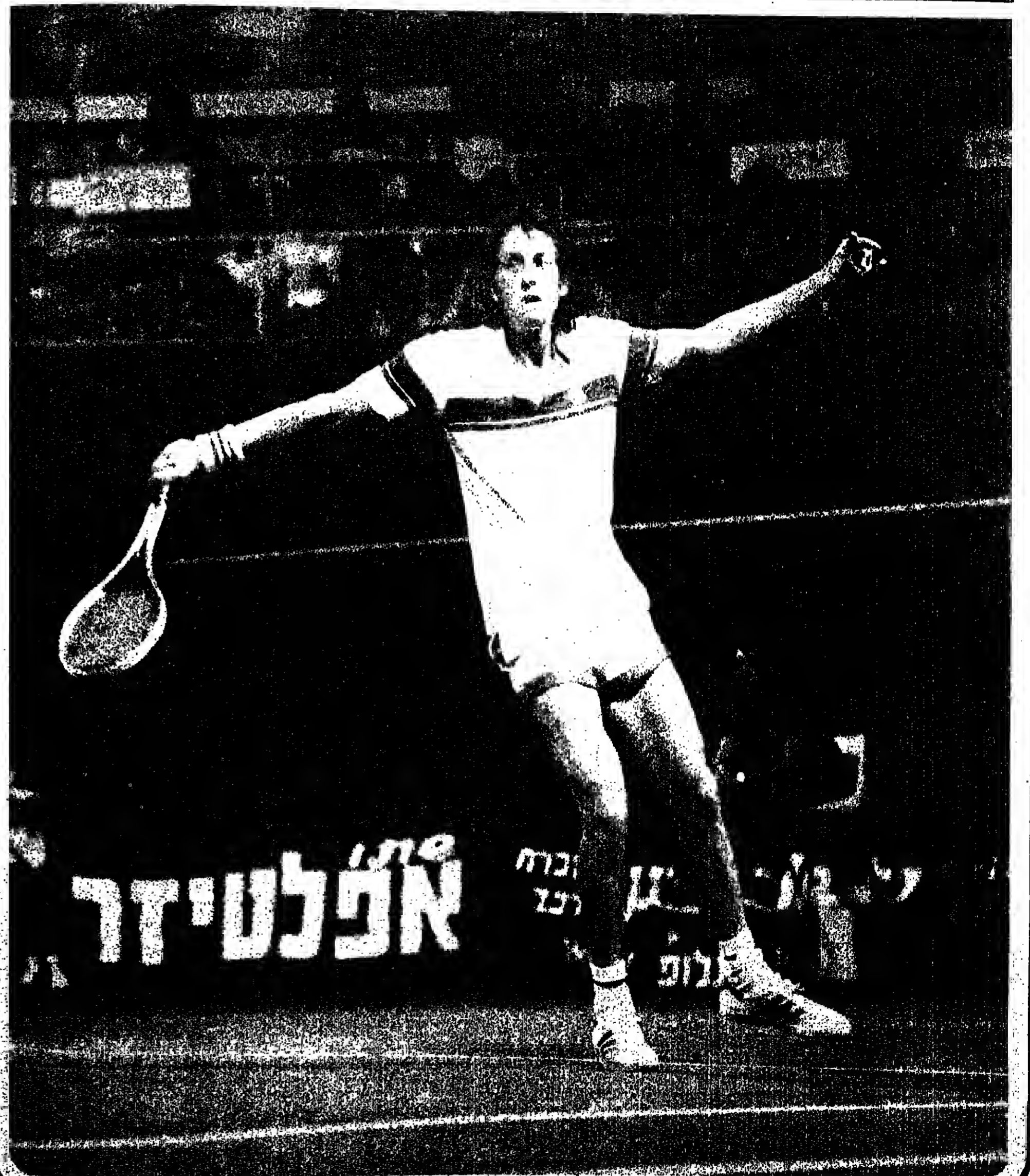
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THE JERUSALEM
POST
MAGAZINE

Friday, October 12, 1979

The tennis pros



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On the cover: David Bohnelder of South Africa, one of the top seeds, rises to the occasion as he smashes a forehand at the Colgate Grand Prix tennis tournament at Ramat Hasharon. Photograph by Lester Joy Millman. (Other photos, page 12.)

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CHAPTER TWO
Oct. 14, 15
Tonight, Oct. 15 - Shabbat

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ALTHOUGH BOTH groups would object violently to being lumped together for any purpose, the people who make up the backbone of the Peace Now-Shell complex on Israel's political left, and the Gush Emunim-Land of Israel Movement bloc on the right, share at least one important characteristic. They are self-of-the-earth Israelis who care — care about the way events of the past half-decade have buffeted Israel, and care enough about the country's future to become personally involved.

To be sure, the distance between the two groups can be measured in light years. But they are somehow brought together in a determination to escape the frustration provided by the traditional political parties.

While both blocs have occasionally taken to the streets to demonstrate the rightness of their causes, until recently they both resisted the temptation to enter the partisan political arena.

This week, a substantial portion of the rightist alliance finally succumbed, and formed a new political party. It is called Tehiya, Brit Ne'emanot Eretz Yisrael (Renaissance, the covenant of Eretz Yisrael faithful.)

One can be certain that nearly all the 5,000 loyalists who filled the founding convention in Jerusalem's Binyonel Ha'ooma on Monday night voted in May 1977 for Mansheem Begin and the Likud, or for the newly-hatched NRP.

For nearly all of them, whether their background be that of Gush Emunim, the Land of Israel Movement, the Elin Yered Circle of Labourite kibbutzim and moshavim, or the old pre-state Lehi terrorist group, joining Tehiya is an expression of consternation at the realization that their erstwhile prophet Menachem Begin has "sold out."

The human amalgam that is forming Tehiya has not yet coalesced around a charismatic leader, who is usually an essential element in such "true-believer" politics, although there is certainly a surfeit of contenders for the post.

Meanwhile, Prof. Yuval Ne'eman, one of Israel's leading physical scientists and a charter member of her small band of defence intellectuals, who was the driving force in the establishment of the party, has been selected to head its secretariat. His role is apparently to seek to attract support from sectors of the electorate that have been repelled by the mysticism that seemed to pervade both the religious and the secular wings of the emerging party.

Ne'eman was interviewed by *The Jerusalem Post* in his Tel Aviv University office on the eve of Tehiya's founding convention.

QUESTION: Why a separate party? Given your great influence on the Begin government — witness the history of Gush Emunim settlement over the past two years — wouldn't it be preferable for you to continue working from within the existing parties?

ANSWER: Nearly everyone associated with our new party has tried, each in his own way, to work from within ever since the '67 war. I, for example, tried to get many of my ideas across while serving as chief scientist to the defence establishment under Defence Minister Shimon Peres. (Ne'eman resigned that position in protest against the 1975 Interim Agreement on Sinai.)

When Herut was in the opposition, they certainly talked the right way. But they've changed.



Born-again politics

Its name means 'rebirth.' It calls itself the 'covenant of the Eretz Yisrael faithful.' Its ranks include some of the most prominent 'true believers' of the Israeli political right. But, insists founder Yuval Ne'eman, Tehiya is not going to be a one-issue party. He explains why in an interview with YOSEF GOELL.

Even today, for example, I agree with every word of Prof. (Moshe) Arons [chairman of the Knesset Foreign Affairs and Defence Committee], but he's been completely neutralized. We believe we have no alternative but to set up a new framework and appeal for popular support with a clear line on the major issues confronting Israel today.

As for me, the last straw was the signing of the Camp David accords. I was shocked that under Begin's leadership, the majority of the Zionist parties in the Knesset voted to abolish an entire elected bloc at Yamit.

For me this was the equivalent of the French parliament in support of Pétain during the Nazi occupation of France.

The Knesset vote to relinquish the whole of Sinai convinced me that nothing was left of the Zionism on which I had been brought up.

How do you explain the change in Begin and Herut? Is it simply a matter of human frailty and "selling out," or have the responsibilities of the premiership convinced him that hard realities would simply not permit the realization of his lifelong ideas?

I have no intention of engaging in mud-slinging against Begin, but I simply don't buy the latter explanation. The give-away that he had no intention of practicing what he had always preached was his appointment of Dayan as his foreign minister. That was his first act in office, carried out from the hospital bed where he was recovering from his heart attack, and before he even had a chance



to come into contact with the herd realities you speak of.

In 1977 I clearly supported the Likud, but I rebuffed two attempts to enlist my support for specific leaders. I was on sabbatical at Princeton at the time and I was approached by two groups, one soliciting my support, for a party to be formed around Dayan, the other for "Citizens in Support of Begin."

I couldn't support Dayan, because we had clearly parted ways as a result of his change of heart after the Yom Kippur War. I declined to support Begin personally, because I didn't know that much about him and wanted to wait and see.

How do I explain the change in Begin? I would guess that perhaps the closest we can get to the truth is that he sees everything in extremely personal terms. He was clearly shocked by his worldwide portrayal immediately after his election, as Israel's arch-terrorist and warmonger. Apparently he determined that he would go down in history as the man who brought "peace" to Israel.

In his pursuit of that vision he tricked and misled the people of Israel, just as De Gaulle tricked the people of France after 1968.

How Begin can square releasing 76 PLO terrorists and endorsing over the vicious murder of a little girl in Nahariya by other PLO terrorists is beyond me. So is his promising solemnly to settle among the people of Neot Sinai after his retirement and then agreeing to abandon Neot Sinai and the whole Yemita area to the Egyptians.



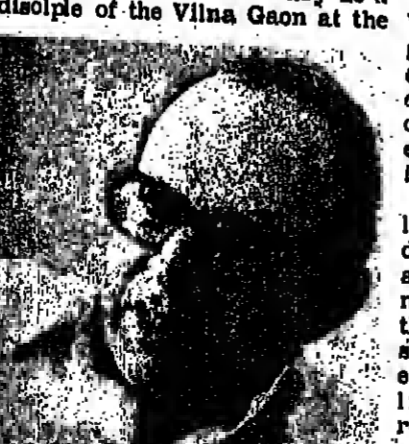
His own conscience and history will have to be his judges.

The history of academics and scientists who have entered the jungle of party politics has not been a very happy one. Aren't you at least a bit apprehensive of being devoured by the beasts in that jungle?

There are also happier precedents of physical scientists making it in the world of politics. Probably the one we are most familiar with is Chaim Weizmann, who was a chemist of world repute. Further back in history, of course, there's the example of Thomas Jefferson. But closer to the present I could mention two people in my own field with whom I've been associated scientifically: Pekka Tarjanna, who is currently minister of transport in Finland and head of his own party, and Harold Brown, formerly secretary of defence. And we shouldn't forget the British chemist, Margaret Thatcher.

I'm not the naive academic. I've been involved all my adult life in the politics of Israel's defence and Aviv University with all the wheeling and dealing such a position entails. I'm sure I'll hold my own in what you call "the political jungle," although admittedly I don't come over as a man-eater — and have no intention of being one.

YUVAL NE'EMAN, 55, was a whiz kid. He was born in Tel Aviv, with three sebra grandparents. One of his great-great grandfathers came to the country as a disciple of the Vilna Gaon at the



end of the 18th century. On his mother's side he stems from the Beks of Sufid. Yuval's paternal grandfather came here from Russia at the end of the 19th century and founded the pump factory which his 80-year-old father still heads.

Yuval graduated from secondary school when he was 15 and took Technion degrees in mechanical and electrical engineering at the age of 19.

His entire adult life has been devoted to defence and nuclear physics. In the War of Independence he served as operations officer and deputy commander of the Givati Brigade on the front.

"I fought against the Egyptians where we may well have to fight them again if the 'peace treaty' with Egypt works the way I'm afraid it will."

In the early and mid-'60s, he was the army's chief strategic planner; then he moved to Intelligence. He was instrumental in introducing computers into army planning and operations.

"The strategic plans I prepared in the 1950s were carried out more than 85 per cent in the Six Day War," he noted with no little pride.

At the end of the '60s, Ne'eman went to London, where he combined his doctoral studies in nuclear physics at the Imperial College of Science with a swansong stint as military attaché at the Israel Embassy.

In 1964, Ne'eman became world famous in the scientific community when his prediction, together with Prof. Murray Gell-Mann of CalTech, of the existence of the sub-atomic omega-minus particle was borne out by experiments at the Brookhaven Laboratories.

In recent years, in addition to his defence and political work, Ne'eman has been busy developing a theory that is intended to show the connection between the "weak force" and electroweakness, two of the four forces now known to exist in the physical world.

Ne'eman made a valiant attempt to explain the simpler aspects of his theory with a red marking pen. It appeared to be largely connected with the part played by the balance of one force by another in keeping the atomic nucleus together.

Ne'eman, who was head of the atomic energy laboratories in the mid-'60s, poo-pooed talk of his being the "father of Israel's atomic bomb," whose very existence has never got beyond conjecture and pot-boiler novels. He figured in the spy thriller, *The Odessa File*. In a book written by a couple of *Sunday Times* investigative reporters, *The Plumbat Affair*, he was credited with designing the nuclear warheads Israel was said to have been on the verge of using in the Yom Kippur War.

"It's all bluff and wild imagination," Ne'eman declared.

WHICH WAS a convenient point to get back to politics.

Q. Some Tehiya founding fathers and mothers have been speaking of winning 20 mandates in the next elections. Is that bluff and wild imagination too?

It's very far from bluff. If you look at the polls and see the sharp decline in support for the Likud and the increase in the uncommitted floating vote, it's obvious that those votes will have to go somewhere. It all depends on the success we have in projecting our image as a party of true renaissance. If we are seen as a simple one-issue party, it's reasonable to look forward to

seven or eight seats. But if we are successful in projecting ourselves as a party that stands for much broader principles, we may get as many as 20.

But aren't you in fact a one-issue party?

No. Far from it. Our jumping-off point is the idea of devoting to the original Zionist concept of Eretz Yisrael. But applying that concept to real life requires a reversal of the moral decline and loss of confidence that has sapped Israel's energy right across the board.

Making it possible for Israel to stand up to the political pressures being exerted against her, and to the continuing Arab military threat to our existence, requires a revolutionary change in the economy, in our attitudes to work and productivity, to the idea of "Hebrew Labour." It also requires a return to our cultural heritage by healing the tragic schism that has developed between so-called secular and religious Israelis.

If you call that one-issue politics, so be it. But that one issue encompasses every facet of our national life, and we intend to address ourselves to them all.

IT'S NO SECRET that we are made up of people of widely differing religious and secular backgrounds, at a time when the tensions around this schism seem to be heating up more than ever before.

But I and my colleagues believe that our vision of Eretz Yisrael will be strong enough to bridge those differences. Besides which, the concepts of people and religion are totally intermeshed in the Jewish people.

I myself am not religious. But I am persuaded that what many of our so-called secular elements are lacking is the clear vision of the Jewish nation as the embodiment of a millennia-old cultural heritage that has emerged so impressively among our religious members.

I believe that we will succeed in making the synthesis by stressing the need to return to that heritage and to our religious and cultural roots without the coercion that has made the concept of religion so hateful to so many young secular Israelis.

Let's return to some of the "unconquered" who, while they may sympathize with your ideal of a Zionist renaissance and many even feel very strongly that Eretz Yisrael should be incorporated in the modern State of Israel, have never managed to get over the intellectual, moral and political hurdle of the existence of 1.7 million Palestinian Arabs in those areas. What do you tell them about how you propose to deal with that embarrassing reality?

All these territories must be annexed to Israel: the Golan, Judea and Samaria and Gaza and Sinai must not be relinquished. The arguments against annexation are largely spurious, and the demographic demon is used largely as a pretext.

Look at the Golan. There are no Arabs there, and the Druse for the most part want to be part of Israel. And yet both the Labour and the Likud governments have twisted and turned and refused to annex the Golan.

As to the Arab population where it does exist: between 400,000 and 450,000 are refugees whom the Egyptians and the Jordanians conclusively and consistently perpetuated in that status. Their humanitarian problem will not be resolved in a hypothetical Palestinian state, because they are not

native of those areas. They must be resettled, as part of a real peace settlement. In Kuwait, Saudi Arabia and the other Arab oil countries which have the wherewithal to resettle them.

In regard to the real Arab attitudes to the refugees, one should not overlook the fact that even the few hundred refugees Israel resettled in the el-Arish area were forcibly expelled and returned to Gaza at Egypt's insistence as part of the "peace" treaty.

As for the remaining Arabs, they should be given three choices:

□ Those completely opposed to living in a Jewish state could choose the option taken by Algeria's Jews, who left Algeria when it became independent, although their forebears settled in the area long before the Arabs;

□ Those wanting to remain in their native towns and villages but not to participate in Israel's national life could remain as resident aliens, a status not unknown in Western democracies;

□ Those who, like Israel's Druse minority, want to remain and become fully integrated in Israel, would be given every opportunity to do so.

THE GUSH EMUNIM-Land of Israel Movement complex which forms the human basis of Yuval Ne'eman's new party has been on the fringes of Israel's politics for the better part of the decade. By themselves, they could probably garner two to three mandates in the next Knesset elections.

It is impossible at this date to predict whether they will be successful in making more serious inroads into Herut's and the NRP's disappointed hawkish electorate.

That both parties are concerned about such a possibility is clear. The NRP's strong position over the last week on the question of the expropriation of Arab lands in Judea and Samaria is an indication of that concern.

Not all the members of Gush Emunim have joined the new party, although at least two of its major leaders, the charismatic ideologue Henan Porat and the political work-horse Gershon Shafat, are among its founders.

Gush Emunim's octogenarian spiritual father, Rabbi Zvi Yehuda Kook, was instrumental in bringing together the groups that have coalesced in Tehiya, and sent warm greetings to the founding convention. The NRP's hawkish MK, Rabbi Haim Druckman, sent a similar message from his hospital bed, although it was sufficiently hedged to leave it unclear whether he has decided to bolt the NRP or not.

Herut is equally concerned. It should not be forgotten that half of the Herut Knesset members either opposed or refused to support Menachem Begin in the vote on the Camp David accords in September 1978.

The main effect of the establishment of Tehiya may be to strengthen those forces in the traditional parties — the Likud, NRP and Labour — who are urging that the date of the Knesset elections be advanced in order to forestall the effective organization of new parties such as Tehiya itself and a possible new Liberal Centre.

If Tehiya survives its internal contradictions until those elections and manages to put in a credible performance, splintering the Likud and the NRP in the process, it could well augur a long-overdue reshuffle of Israel's deck of political party cards. □

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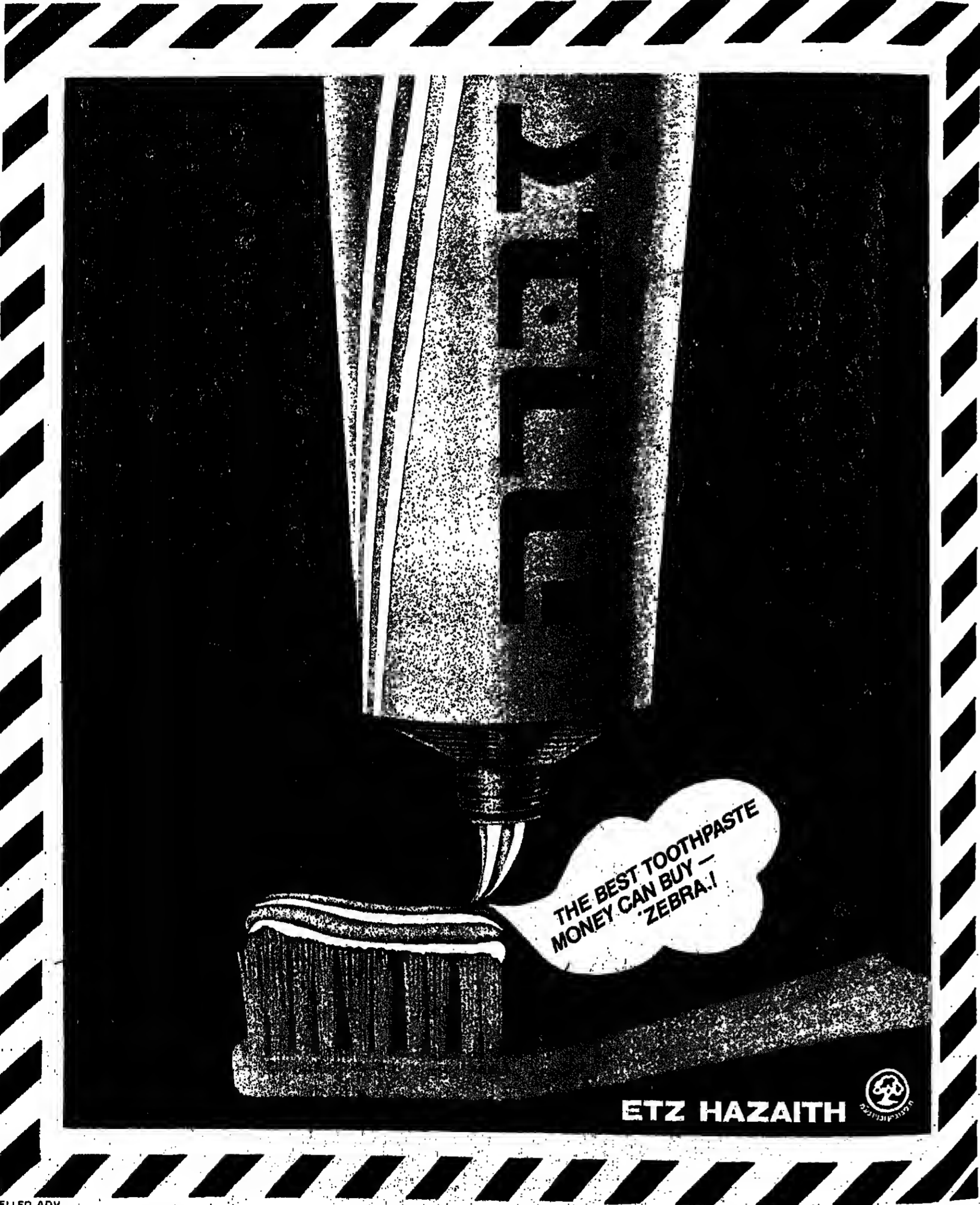
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IN ONE OF his finest novels, *Childhood's End*, Arthur C. Clarke, the famous science fiction writer, describes the dramatic arrival from space of the "overlords." Unlike the vicious Martian warriors in the epoch-making *Star Wars*, the overlords come to bring law and order to Earth.

Mastering an extremely advanced technology, they have no difficulty in suppressing evildoers all over the world. Among others, they compel the South African government to grant equal rights to its oppressed white population. The story is set somewhere in the not so remote future. The message is clear: The Republic of South Africa has, over the last three decades, become one of the world's most unpopular states.

Its political and social system has been described in the most abusive terms. It is regarded as a racist, neo-fascist, reactionary country that has transmuted the privileges based on colour into a faith. Whatever it does to improve the inter-racial relations is automatically condemned even if, on more mature consideration and judged against the background of the African, and not the West European situation, it might look rather different.

Liberal academics, journalists and politicians constantly condemn apartheid and demand the enforcement of the "one man, one vote" principle in South Africa. None of them seems to care about the consequences, which, in the present situation would mean the replacement of white apartheid by black apartheid. And to judge by the conditions in most of the black independent countries in Africa, this might easily develop into white genocide.

WESTERN intellectuals have a tendency to apply Western terms of reference to any consideration of alien cultures and social and political systems. In the case of the Middle East, for instance, they use terms like socialism, liberalism, democracy, and even the latest anachronism, left and right, to describe situations, conditions and developments in which they have absolutely no relevance. As a leading Arabist has commented, this is about as accurate and instructive as a cricket reporter describing a baseball game. And it is equally applicable to Africa in general and South Africa in particular.

American liberals, black American nationalists, and even moderate journalists, regard the battle against the existing South African establishment as another chapter of the civil rights struggle in the U.S. South Africa is pictured as part of the American Deep South. To describe the South African in these terms is both incorrect and morally unfair.

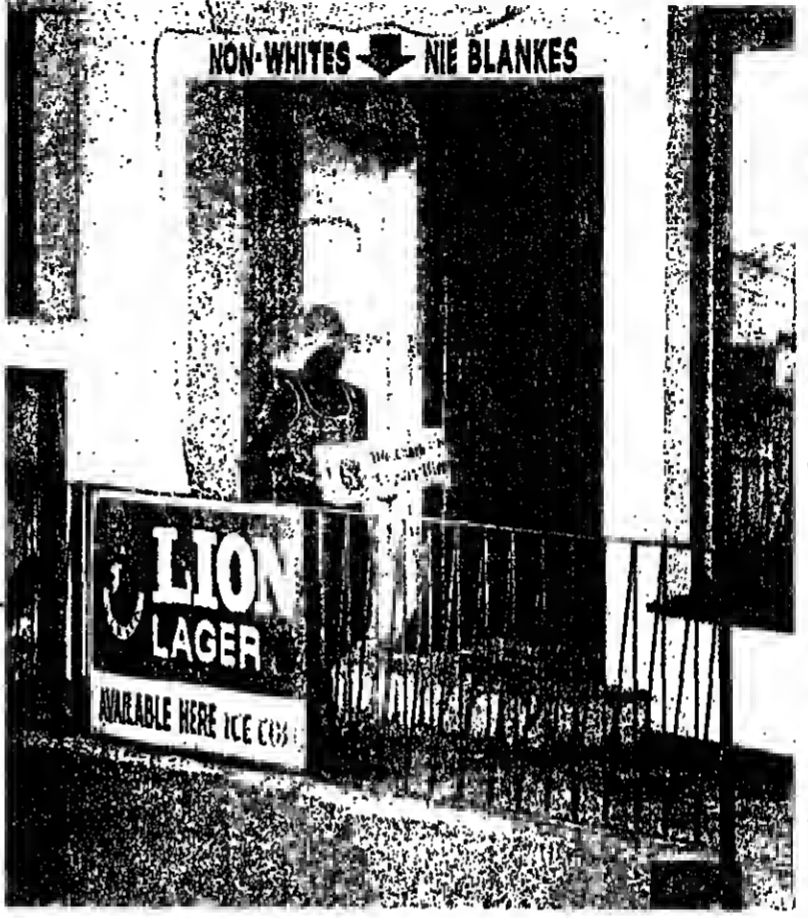
In a little book entitled *South Africa: War? Revolution? Peace?* that has just appeared in the U.S., the two authors, L.H. Gann and Peter Dugnan, comment on this attitude thus:

"South Africa is not part of the United States; it is not Africa's 'Deep South'... Black South Africans — Zulu, Sotho, Iswana and others — are not like Black Americans. Blacks in the United States are English-speaking Americans, like most of their white neighbours; Zulu and Iswana, by contrast, form separate ethnic communities that are culturally quite distinct from those of South African whites and Indians. In many respects, South Africa resembles a multi-ethnic Africa, resembling such as Cyprus, or even the old Austro-Hungarian Empire, far more than the United

States. It is like other African countries split by ethnic rivalries and populated by backward tribal people."

The eye of the beholder

South Africa is misjudged because it is viewed in Western — and not African — terms, writes MOSHE SHARON, who recently visited the Republic.



(Rubinger)

States. It is like other African countries split by ethnic rivalries and populated by backward tribal people."

VISITING South Africa, especially places outside the large urban centres, one sees how much truth there is in this evaluation. There is no such thing as a homogeneous black community, and to talk in terms of 21m. blacks against 4m. whites is a misleading simplification. The black population of South Africa is made up of at least 10 different ethno-political units. They speak their own languages, retain their customs, social and political systems, and, what is more important, preserve their inter-tribal rivalries.

Even in the large urban centres where tribal differences have to a large extent disappeared, clashes on a tribal basis between Zulu and Xhosa erupt from time to time. In rural areas, in those few places where mixed Zulu and Xhosa communities exist, these two groups religiously observe their laws of black apartheid, to the extent that a fence is usually erected to separate them.

One of the major misconceptions about South Africa is that it is originally a black country and therefore depicts its white population as a bunch of European colonialists.

HISTORICALLY, South Africa, or even better, Southern Africa, was not a black country. People think of the whole African continent as the original abode of the black peoples, mainly because black slaves were brought to Europe from Central Africa, which is the

home of the black (Bantu) man. But they forget that Africa has been the home of many races.

North Africa has always largely belonged to the Mediterranean world and been the home of non-black peoples. Since ancient times, the domains of the black peoples were to the south, beyond the great Sahara desert.

Southern Africa was the homeland of the Bushmen and the Hottentot, strange and interesting people, mainly hunters and food gatherers, who roamed the vast spaces of this huge country. They were the only indigenous people in Southern Africa, and it was only with them that both the white and the black man came into contact. Curiously enough, both whites and blacks reached South Africa at almost the same time.

On April 9, 1652, a mere 32 years after the Mayflower reached New England, the first Dutch settlers, led by Jan van Riebeeck, established the first European community in South Africa. It was around this time that the first Bantu tribes, which for centuries had been slowly migrating southwards from Central Africa, crossed what is today the northern border of the Republic of South Africa and made their gradual way towards the eastern parts of the country, to the areas famous for their plentiful rainfall and excellent agricultural lands. Thus, simultaneously, the whites in the south-west pushed slowly from the Cape peninsula into the interior of the country, and the Bantu tribes pushed south-eastwards, virtually exterminating the Bushmen and Hottentots they encountered.

From the south, the Bushmen

were pushed back by the advancing white men. They were less amenable to social contact with the newcomers, and those who managed to survive both blacks and whites retreated to the semi-arid areas of South Africa, where small communities of them are still to be found. The Hottentots disappeared almost completely.

FOR OVER a hundred years there had been no contact between the white and black man in South Africa. Only in 1770 did the advancing Afrikaner cattle-farmer meet the vanguard of the Bantu tribes across the Fish River. The long and violent clashes between the two groups, in which European technology was bound to win in the end, resulted in the subjugation of the black immigrants.

STRICTLY speaking, therefore, the blacks of South Africa cannot claim any more historic right to the country than the whites. Moreover, in a strict historical sense, the whole of central and western South Africa has never been occupied by the black tribes, and has never formed part of their permanent abodes. One can say that the largest part of the country was taken away from the Bushmen and the Hottentots in much the same way as the white man took North America from the Indians. Those who today demand black majority rule in South Africa either avoid or ignore this historical development.

The white South Africans until very recently have made the mistake, as one Jewish South African Liberal journalist told me, of referring to themselves as Europeans in origin, but by now they are as indigenous to Southern Africa as the other group. The Afrikaners speak a language which is very far removed from the Dutch spoken in Holland today. Neither those of Dutch nor those of French origin (the latter, descendants of the Huguenot immigrants of 1688) have anything in common with the homelands of their forefathers. They should regard themselves as white Africans.

Coming from a more advanced culture, the whites developed a society in which they were the rulers and the masters, the landlords and the directors. In the 19th and early 20th century, in an era of empires, colonies and dominions this seemed entirely natural. Wherever the Europeans established their rule over any Asian or African country, there was no question that they were the lords and the natives were the servants.

To a lay observer, South Africa looks like a fossilized remnant of the colonial era. This, however, is only a superficial conclusion. The white South Africans do not represent any colonial power; by now they are the children of the land they rule. To put it more crudely: if they are thrown out of South Africa, most of them have nowhere to go.

IN CONSIDERING a possible solution to the South African problem, one has to remember that the gap between the white culture and the black is tremendous. In addition to the question of colour, which has bedevilled human relations since the dawn of history, there is the unbridgeable difference between an extremely advanced European-Christian culture and a rural, tribal, partly animistic, technologically backward one.

During my last visit to South Africa, I travelled in the

northeastern parts of the country, in the Venda homeland (now the Republic of Venda).

Rich arable land and great areas of water stretch as far as the eye can see. But what poor agriculture! What miserable produce! This seeming paradox, however, is not peculiar to the black territories of South Africa: it seems that the same phenomenon repeats itself in most of the black independent countries of the continent, where the tribal system enables the chiefs to allocate and re-allocate arable land. Moreover, there is an adamant conservatism among the peasants, who oppose the introduction of any innovations into their traditional farming methods.

Taking into consideration the great educational, technological and social differences, and adding to them the deep sense of colour superiority that has developed among the whites in South Africa, over centuries (something one may condemn but cannot overlook), the two cultures are doomed to remain separate.

Theoretically, there is the possibility that South Africa will be ruled by the black majority. In that case, we shall witness a racial Armageddon, because black racialism, as we have already seen in all the post-colonial independent African states, is incomparably more brutal and more bloodthirsty than the worst apartheid.

On the other hand, things cannot go on as they are. Except for a few stubborn Afrikaners, nobody in the white community in South Africa thinks that apartheid is a long-term solution for a country which regards itself as part of the free world and a partner in the Judeo-Christian moral heritage. But if, in terms of modern Western society, the present politico-social situation is unjustifiable, in African terms it is understandable. South Africa is an African country.

THE TROUBLE is that the application of double standards of morality as far as South Africa is concerned has achieved a record. South Africa is condemned for violating human rights. That it does so is undeniable; but one must admit that, looking at Africa as a whole, human rights are violated less there than in any other country in the continent.

While South Africa has been condemned for its treatment of the non-white community, there was no reaction when bloodthirsty Idi Amin expelled the Asians from Uganda and engaged for years in not merely apartheid but genocide against the non-Moslem tribes. White thousands of people rotted in his dungeons (as well as in the dungeons of Julius Nyerere of Zambia and Kenneth Kaunda of Tanzania, two African leaders very much respected in the West). The Organization of African Unity (OAU) proceeded to elect Idi Amin as its president.

South African whites think, and indeed discriminate, in ethnic terms; but which of the African countries does not do the same?

There is no country in Black Africa that does not provide hair-raising examples of brutal violation of human rights, liquidation of complete tribes, persecution of social and religious minorities.

In the northern part of Black Africa, the Sudanese Moelem rulers have been engaged for years in a war of extermination against the black Nilotic tribes; but Sudan has never been condemned for its actions nor has

(Continued overleaf)

(Continued from page 8)
 anybody regarded its violent discriminatory policy against its non-Moslem population as a violation of human rights. It is, like all the other African dictatorships, a respectable member of the world community.

And outside Africa, somewhat nearer to us, Iraq has been systematically exterminating the Kurds, both physically and culturally, before the eyes of the whole world. But Iraq has never been accused of violating human rights. None of the drawing-room liberals came forward to condemn Saudi Arabia for officially banning Jews from entering the country.

But perhaps the most outrageous examples of double-standard morality is the attitude towards the Soviet Union. This country, where freedom fighters are banished to slava camps in Siberia or incarcerated in mental asylums; where hundreds of thousands of people condemned to forced labour in remote mines have died of malnutrition and epidemics; where anti-Semitism is an article of faith; where freedom of speech and opinion is unheard of; where the sentence is usually known before the trial — this country is not regarded as a violator of human rights, and all those countries that condemn South Africa are only too anxious to have good relations with it.

With all the vices of its racist socio-political system, which are certainly to be condemned, South Africa is a paradise in comparison with the modern Russian empire.

But if it wants to be a respected member of the better world, that world which at least tries to preserve whatever is left of God's image in man, it has got to change.

THE SOLUTION can only be partition and the total separation of the black population from the white. This is how the idea of the homelands was born. Sceptical Western observers call them by the derogatory name Bantustans. But if the South African government is both wise and generous they may solve most of this country's racial problems.

The homelands are developing into independent states, whether the world recognizes them or not. The citizens of those black homelands whom I met were proud of their freedom and full of hops. One homeland that has received its independence is Bophuthatwana. Already, its per capita income is higher than that of three neighbouring black independent countries combined.

True, it is difficult to understand the basis on which international recognition of the status of the homelands is determined. Why, for example, is a poor country like Lesotho a respected member of the UN, the Third World Union, the OAU, etc., while neighbouring Transkei is an outcast, although Transkei's development potential is far greater than that of Lesotho, or of Swaziland or even Mozambique?

But from what I was able to observe, I feel that the homeland independent state system may be

the only answer to racial tension. Only last month I witnessed the final stages of this process in Venda and from what I saw there, the moment a homeland becomes an independent state, the laws of apartheid do not apply to its citizens.

In this way, most of the black South Africans will, within a decade or so, belong to one of about 10 "homeland states," which will comprise more than 20m. people. This may not be the ideal solution, but in African terms it is the only feasible one. It means that eventually, South Africa will be divided between its white, Coloured and Asian (Indian) population on one hand, and its black population on the other.

There is no question that the white-Coloured-Indian population will have the largest and most mineral-rich part of the country. This may be iniquitous, but there is a certain historical justice in the return to the Bantu tribes of the agriculturally rich eastern area first invaded by them.

ONE CAN FEEL the spirit of change on South Africa. The difference between what I have just seen and what I saw two years ago is tremendous. White South Africans are anxious to discuss their problems and they feel that they are battling for survival. Many of the social discriminatory symbols have disappeared. A new spirit has been introduced by the new prime minister, P.W. Botha. This man, who grew up in the National Party, a professional politician, has already proved

himself to be one of the most able prime ministers the republic ever had. He has a sharp mind and, what is more important, has what a real statesman needs: farsightedness. The true conservatives, who would like to see Vorster's type of apartheid continue forever, do not like him. The ardent liberals are not sure how far he is ready to go. The truth is that P.W., as they call him, is the best man South Africa could have in the present situation.

From what he has said and already done, it is clear that he has an objective understanding of his country's social and political troubles, and if he is allowed by the thick-headed conservative members of his party to go ahead with his plans, we may see, in the not too distant future, not only an end to official apartheid, but a new type of society in South Africa.

P.W.'s plans, as I understand them, are to abolish all the discriminatory laws against the Coloureds and the Indians. This means that within a few years, these two communities, which total over 8.5 million will join the white community as full, equal members. This will bring the "white" population to between 7.5 and 8 million.

With the great majority of blacks belonging by then to their own independent states, South Africa will be left with some 2 million citizens who will still be discriminated against. When this stage is reached, the final step must come: the complete aboli-

tion of the discriminatory laws. The plan is already being put into operation. The apartheid laws concerning Coloureds and Indians have been reduced to a minimum, and budgets have been allocated for consolidating the black homelands.

THE BLACK countries, the Soviet Union and its Eastern Bloc satellites will certainly be unhappy with P.W. Botha's plans. For Russia it means the end of the dream of controlling the mineral-rich South Africa and the ocean routes from East to West. For the black countries, it means a possible end to their own racist dream of clearing Africa south of the Sahara of whites.

But for the white population of South Africa, if it has courage, wisdom and farsightedness, and if it is prepared to give up some of the wealth it now holds, the programme with which P.W. seems to be proceeding, holds out the best prospects. It will secure the country physically, and restore both its human dignity and the moral values for which its original European culture stands.

However, it would seem to be the height of unwisdom to pressure South Africa to adopt a one-man-one-vote policy, before partition between its black and white population. If the Western world, and especially the U.S., continues to press for this, they should know that the result will be to present the Soviet empire with most of its strategic minerals as well as with the vital maritime routes.

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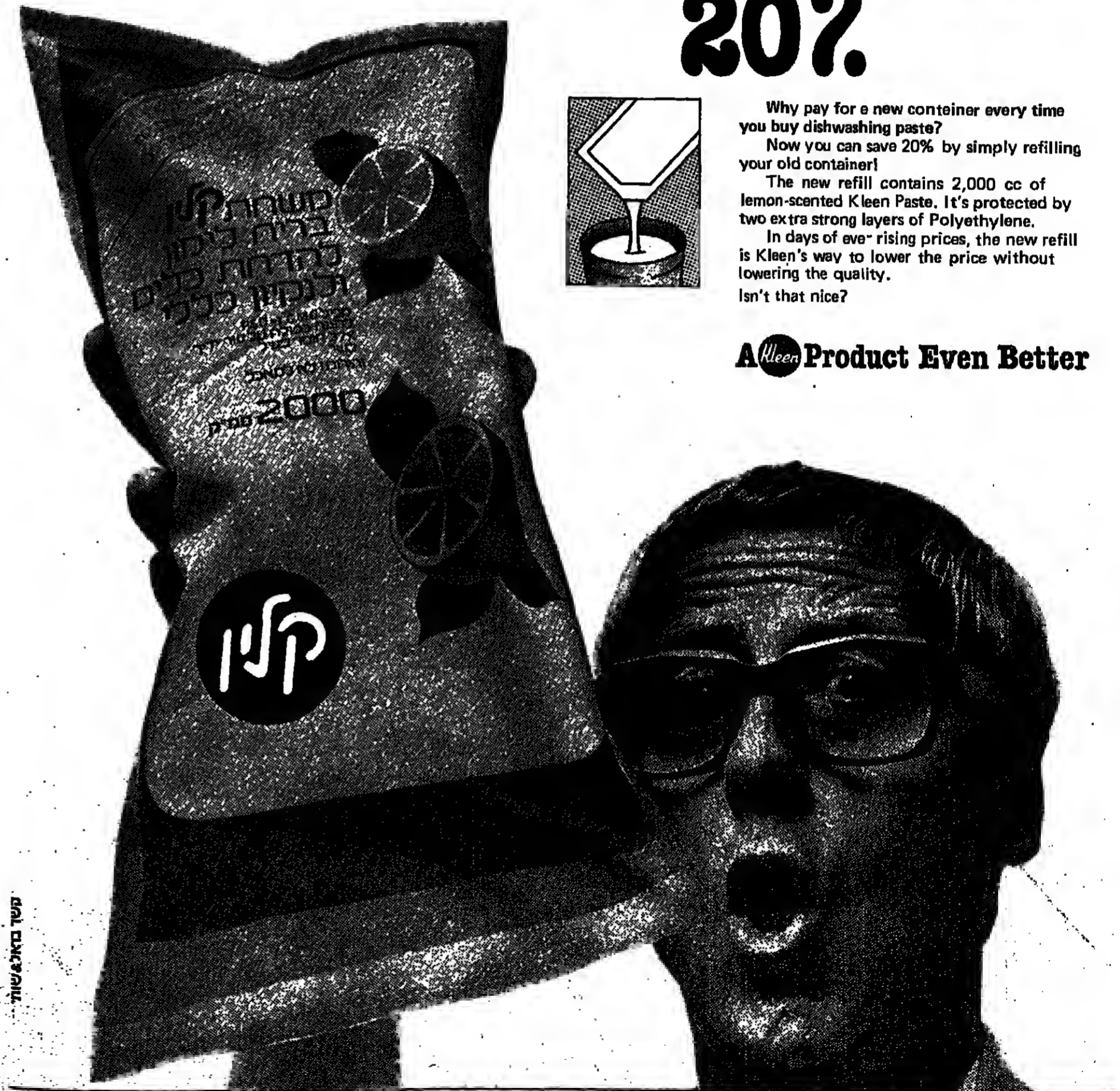
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A share of the action

Inflation and taxes are two good reasons why more Israelis than ever are investing in securities, writes The Post's finance reporter, JOSEPH MORGENSTERN.

THE CLEARER sign that more and more of us are concerned with preserving the value of our income is the formidable growth of trading on the stock market. In one week alone last June, the turnover on the Tel Aviv Stock Exchange was 36 times the annual turnover for 1971.

This heightened activity does not mean that the average Israeli is more of a risk-taker and gambler than he was a decade ago. The major cause lies buried in the country's tax structure. Some wage earners have found themselves propelled, overnight, into the 60 per cent tax bracket. The pressure is great to find sources of income on which the Treasury will not lay its hands. Among the few remaining tax-free incomes are gains earned on the Exchange and lottery windfalls. Although most Western countries impose a capital gains tax on earnings from securities' sales and also heavily tax interest from bonds and cash dividends from shares, the Israeli Treasury had adhered steadfastly to a policy of not taxing capital gains in order to encourage the raising of operating funds via the exchange.

The picture is pretty much the same when it comes to bonds. Index-linkage differentials are not taxed. And in many cases, there is a tax limit on interest earned from index-linked bonds. Thus, normally the minimal tax will be deducted at source, and the taxpayer will have no further liability.

The tax-free aspect of investments is the crux of the matter and to suggest anything else is a delusion.

BUYING AND selling shares and bonds has been made extraordinarily simple. The number of bank branches has almost reached the 1,000 mark and in each of them, the potential investor can get advice on what to do with his money. Bank of Israel advertisements in the daily press urge us to buy index-linked bonds as a sure way to preserve the value of our savings from the pernicious erosion of inflation.

In July this year, the Bank of Israel sold the impressive total of IL1.5b. worth of new index-linked bonds, an all-time monthly record. The chances are that the government's obligations will jump to over IL1.5b. in three years. Investing in bonds and shares has been summed up by saying "If you want to sleep well, invest in bonds; if you want to eat well, buy shares." The share market has an irresistible allure. If you win, you don't have to share the take with the tax collector. Besides, investing in shares of local companies whose securities are registered on the Tel Aviv Stock Exchange, the Israeli investor discovered he could now speculate in high profit but also



(I.P.F.A.)

high risk areas such as options, commodities, gold and the like, using his Patour dollars. Elhanan Strelitz, the Israeli representative of Commodity Analysis Ltd., an English firm, recently explained how industry may reap economic and financial benefits by using commodity future contracts to cover differences in raw material costs. However, when the individual speculator plays the commodities market, he is not doing it for defensive purposes, but to make a capital gain, usually of large proportions. A major advantage of commodity futures trading is that you only have to put up 10 per cent of the total price when entering into a contract. But the effect may be disastrous if the price moves in

the wrong direction, wiping out your stake. The options market has also attracted many during the past two years. The investor may buy an option to purchase, let us say, 100 shares of General Motors at a specified price at a given future date. He pays a fraction of the cost of the shares when he buys the option. If the shares go up in price, he will exercise the option by buying the shares and selling them at a profit. But if the price does not rise, he will not exercise the option, thus losing his initial investment. During one recent downturning on Wall Street, hundreds of Israeli speculators suffered heavy losses on options commitments. While some speculators have done well in commodities and op-

tions, most have flopped disastrously. LEAVING SPECULATORS aside, what is a realistic goal for a reasonable return on one's funds? How does one go about reaching it? In the final analysis, one must always come back to the basic problem: inflation. If the Consumer Price Index goes up 90 per cent in a year, one's investment funds must return more than 90 per cent in order to achieve a real gain. Anything less is a real loss. This is the single most important criterion for investors whose funds originate in Israeli pounds. When initial funds are foreign currency, they must show a higher return than the devaluation of the Israeli pound vis-a-vis the American dollar.

There is no investment portfolio worthy of the name which avoids positions in index-linked bonds. In 1973, with a very few exceptions, index-linked bonds showed a return of up to 65 per cent. The best performers, those which advanced by 65 per cent, showed a real gain of 17 per cent after deducting the 48 per cent rise in inflation. By any criterion an investor who reached the 60 per cent return level can consider himself as having achieved above-average success.

However, the investment portfolio should also include shares, perhaps between 10-30 per cent. The figure will be determined by the readiness to assume a risk inherent in share holdings. While some shares will always perform spectacularly, the inclination should be to invest in quality holdings. In recent years, shares of the country's commercial banks have outperformed the index and the rate of devaluation. Premier shares such as Teva Pharmaceuticals and others have also shown better than average results.

One could also invest a small part of the portfolio in foreign shares. Here two prospects are in store: a possible gain due to the continuous devaluation of the pound and a possible capital gain. Energy related shares on various overseas exchanges will do better than average.

Once a portfolio has been established, it should be monitored from time to time. There is no need to calculate the value of one's holdings daily. A monthly review is ideal, although once every three months may suffice for non-speculative portfolios. A daily review of the financial pages of the newspaper should certainly do to alert the investor to any major events which may affect his holdings.

Speculators of all kinds have always provided the stuff of which dreams and interesting stories are made. But in the final analysis, it is the investor who has taken a conservative approach such as that suggested above who has out-performed all others and yielded a real return.

ONE OFTEN HEARS about "making a killing in the market," but one rarely finds a person of small means who has done so. Large profits can only be generated from a substantial capital base. A classic "killing" took place two years ago when the share market was active and most new issues reached the market at a substantial premium. The investor in question purchased IL1.5m. worth of a new security which reached the market on the first day of trading at a premium of no less than 25 per cent. The investor sold his holdings and realized a profit of IL700,000.

During the period of the "share craze," many non-residents made substantial, quick profits by borrowing dollars from the bank against their deposits and bidding for a portion of the new issue. The investment advice by the given bank's securities advisers are not

so easily shrugged off. Portfolios structured with the help of the bank adviser will inevitably contain an unusually large proportion of shares, debentures and mutual funds issued by the bank that employ him. While the results may sometimes justify the choices, something is fundamentally wrong when a security adviser pointedly refrains from recommending the shares of a competing bank, even when the

THIS DOES NOT mean that one cannot make large profits if one does not own dollars. Take the case of the American-Israeli Paper Mills shares. Two years ago, the company registered losses but then made major investments in a new production line. Within a year, the price of the company's shares more than doubled.

The shares of the Israeli company, Ets Lavud, registered on the American Stock Exchange, are another case in point. Three months ago they were selling for less than \$4 a share. Recently, they were trading for as high as \$7.50, nearly a 100 per cent gain. Analysts have pointed out that Ets Lavud has been involved in a major real estate development project in Jerusalem's French Hill. These facts are not reflected in the company's balance sheet. If these profits are eventually realized, they may run into millions of dollars and make today's share price look ridiculously low.

Conclusion: a close understanding of a company's activities and prospects is a major factor in a successful investment. But shenanigans sometimes play an important part in "skyrocketing" the price of shares.

Take the case of low-capitalization shares. This means that relatively few shares are listed on the Exchange. A group of investors can band together and form a "corner." They may, over an extended period, buy up a large portion of the low capitalization shares. When there is a demand for them, the investors will sell only at much higher prices.

THINGS ARE RARELY as they seem. The truth of this old saw was proved again recently when a less than authority than Dr. Meir Meli, the managing director of the Tel Aviv Stock Exchange, predicted that the share market "would appreciate in the foreseeable future." But the share market took a nose dive after six weeks of gains. Perhaps Dr. Meli's prediction may yet turn out right over the long haul.

THE ISRAELI share market often differs from others in various parts of the world. Here, the banking community plays a major role in the capital market. Senior bank officials will never admit it publicly, but the country's major banks support the price of their own shares. Therefore, one does not have to be optimistic or pessimistic about the market in bank shares.

While all other sectors of trading in the share market plummet, the commercial bank shares move up in what can only be described as "orchestrated moves." Due to their inherent strength, the banks come in for their share of public criticism, only some of it justified. The commission rates charged for transactions are ridiculously low, ranging from 0.5 per cent to one per cent for shares. This is a fraction of commissions charged by the New York Stock Exchange.

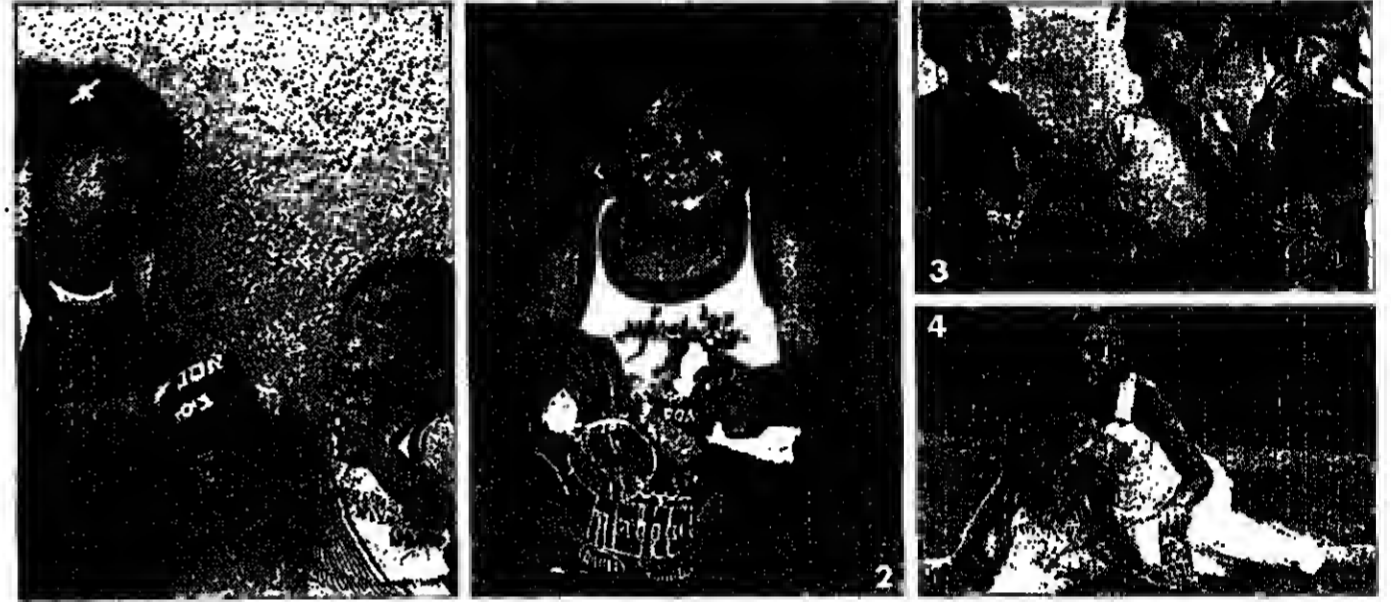
However, charges of partisan investment advice by the given bank's securities advisers are not

competitor's shares are a better buy. The basic problem is the absence of professional licensing standards for security advisers and, consequently, the lack of a clearcut professional code of ethics. Mr. Abraham Taub, past chairman of the Securities Authority, has been a major proponent of licensing security advisers. For most of the summer the

share market was in the doldrums. Trading turnovers were low and prices have flourished. Occasional flurries of buying helped to perk up both the share and bond markets. But both sectors were knocked for a loop in September, when the public made a headlong rush into foreign currency. This came in the wake of Bank of Israel reports about the worsening balance of payments

end lower foreign currency reserves. In reaction, the Israeli pound plummeted and fell by no less than 8.7 per cent against the U.S. dollar. Heavy selling of index-linked bonds as well as shares were the order of the day. Yet securities markets have a way of turning around when least expected. When the public's mood vis-a-vis these markets is at a low ebb, the "smart money" often turns to bonds and shares. □

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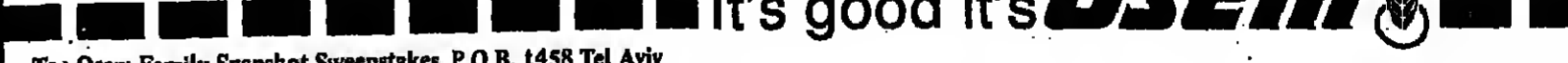
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Some say that tennis pros in action are sheer poetry in motion. Photographer Lester J. Millman joined the crowds at the Ramat Hasharon Tennis Centre to watch some of the stars of the game compete for a share of the \$50,000 prize money in the Colgate Grand Prix tournament this week.

NET PROFIT

(Left) Tom Okker of Holland, the No. 2 seed. (Top) Tournament favourite Rie Mastase, who took upset in the second round.



(Below) Ball boy and line judge watch the Ramat Hasharon action. (Above) Briton Richard Lewis and Haim Arlosoroff of Israel. (Right) Colin Dibley of Australia, surprise victor over Mastase.



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POST PULL OUT GUIDE

The Poster

ENTERTAINMENT

Jerusalem
THE BEST OF SHALOM ALEICHEM — Written by the famous Yiddish writer, performed by Haim Barnard and Michael Schneider. In English. (King David Hotel, tomorrow at 9.30 p.m.; Hilton, Thursday at 9 p.m. Show at Hilton includes tea drink and "Songs of the Shetl" with Oladya and Danny)
JAZZ — (Tzavta, 38 King George, Tuesday at 8 p.m.)
JAZZ — Danny Goldfried, Victor Ponorov, Nisim Yemal. (Pargod, 04 Baszel, Wednesday at 9.30 p.m.)
MEIR ARTEL — Singing his own songs. (Tzavta, Thursday at 9 p.m.)
YOJIMBO — Japanese film (1962) directed by Akira Kurosawa. (Israel Museum, Tuesday at 8 and 8.30 p.m.)
Tel Aviv
FOLKLORICO FILIPINO — 40 Filipino dancers and singers. (Mama Auditorium, Monday and Thursday at 8.30 p.m.; Tuesday and Wednesday at 7.15 and 9.45 p.m.)
GAZOZ — (Beit Arlosoroff, 8 Bellinson, Monday at 8 p.m.)
HAGASHASH HAVIVER — In a programme written and directed by Yossi Benal. (Beit Arlosoroff, Thursday at 9 p.m.)
IN A PANIC — Comedy with Melli Giladi, (Beit Hahayal, Weizmann and Pinkus, tomorrow at 9 p.m.)
LIFE IS NO HONEYMOON — With Gad Yagi and Hanna Leshow (Ohal 8 Bellinson, tomorrow at 9 p.m.; Beit Hahayal, Monday at 9 p.m.)
TZILIL MECHUVAN — (Tzavta, 30 Ibn Ovirol, tonight at 8 and midnight)
ZVIKA PIK — (Beit Hahayal, Tuesday at 9 p.m.)
Haifa
FOLKLORICO FILIPINO — (Auditorium, tomorrow at 7 and 8.30 p.m.)
Other Towns
FOLKLORICO FILIPINO — (Kiryat Haim Beit Ha'am, tonight at 9.30; Divat Haim, Beit Sharell, Sunday at 9 p.m.)
GAZOZ — (Nahariya, Hod, tonight at 8.30; Ella Vered, Beit Ha'am, tomorrow at 8 p.m.; Bai Yam, Beit Yasi Theatre, Wednesday at 8.30 p.m.)
HAGASHASH HAVIVER (Ramat Gan, Orde, tonight at 9.30; Yeroham, Mira, Tuesday at 9 p.m.)
HAVA ALBERSTEIN — (Dafna, tonight at 8 p.m.)
IN A PANIC — (Givatayim, Shavil, tonight at 8.30)
LIFE IS NO HONEYMOON — (Kfar Vitkin, tonight at 9.30; Beit Shemesh, Matness, Tuesday and Wednesday at 8.30 p.m.)
MATTI GASPI — (Ayelal Haasher, tonight at 9.30; Beit Shean, Kiryat, Wednesday at 9.30 p.m.)
LIFE IS NO HONEYMOON — With Gad Yagi and Hanna Leshow (Ohal 8 Bellinson, tomorrow at 9 p.m.; Beit Hahayal, Monday at 9 p.m.)
ZVIKA PIK — (Beeraheva, Keren, tonight at 9.30; Kiryat Aia, Shavil, Monday at 9 p.m.; Yavot, Hon, Wednesday at 9 p.m.)



Cellist Emanuel Gruber will perform at the Herzl Gallery, in Jerusalem, tomorrow.

MUSIC

All programmes start at 8.30 p.m. unless otherwise stated.
Jerusalem
ISRAELI BACH SOCIETY — Directed by Eli Freed. Kohava Peitok, flute. Works by Bach, Telemann, Orlando, Gibbons. (International Evangelical Church, 56 Hanav'im, tomorrow)
VRIENDEKINGEN MEN'S CHOIR — From Holland. Classical compositions and folk music. (Jerusalem Theatre, tomorrow)
CHAMBER CONCERT — Emanuel Gruber, cello; Emanuel Kravinsky, piano. Works by Beethoven, Schumann, Debussy, Prokofiev, Faganini. (Ezy Onitoy, 18, King David St., tomorrow at 8 p.m.)
JERUSALEM SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA — "Testimium Vivo." Juan Pablo Liscudor, conductor. Works by Stockhausen, Jussas, Kagel. (Jerusalem Theatre, Tuesday)
"Exposition." Works by Sadal; Amy Halperin. (Jerusalem Theatre, Wednesday)
Tel Aviv
11:11 Series — Kibbutz Chamber Orchestra, Nisim Sheriff, conductor; Risa Brauerman, piano; Yehuda Dolani, clarinet. Works by Handel, Mozart, Haydn. (Tzavta, tomorrow at 11 a.m.)
ISRAELI PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA — Zubin Mehta, conductor; Isaac Stern, violin; Dvorak: Carnival Overture; Prokofiev: Romeo and Juliet; Bartok: Violin Concerto No. 2. (Mama Auditorium, tomorrow and Sunday)
ORAN RECITAL — Rolf Crises. (Immanuel Church, 0 Beer Hofma, tonight)
ISRAELI CHAMBER ORCHESTRA — Lukas Foss, conductor, piano. Works by Sheriff, Haydn, Hindemith. (Tel Aviv Museum, Wednesday)
Other Towns
KIBOUTZ CHAMBER ORCHESTRA — Nisim Sheriff, conductor. Works by Rosini and Pärtos. (Shefayim, Tuesday)
Jerusalem
ABOVE AND BEYOND — By and with Oded Teoml. (Pargod, 04 Baszel, Tuesday at 9.30 p.m.)
LUNCH — Humorous critique of society based on the biblical episode of Naboth, who was put to death for refusing to sell his vineyard to Ahab and Jezabel. (Khan, opposite railway station, Wednesday at 8.30 p.m.)
THE SERMON — Haifa Theatre production based on story of Haim Hazaz. (Tzavta, 38 King George, Wednesday at 9 p.m.)
SEVEN BEDOARS — New Khan Theatre production, directed by Yossi Yarsell. (Khan, tomorrow, Sunday, Monday, Tuesday at 8.30 p.m.)
SPRING AWAKENING — By Frank Wedekind. (Jerusalem Theatre, Thursday)
Tel Aviv
AND THERE WAS A HOLE... — Political satire by Hillel Mittlepunkt and Yehoshua Sobol. (Tzavta, 30 Ibn Ovirol, Sunday and Wednesday at 8.30 p.m.)
BICYCLE FOR A YEAR — Poorly done documentary about the Haifa Theatre's Project Group that went to Kiryat Shmona to help the community. Directed by Nola Chilton, who also initiated the Project. (Tzavta, Monday at 8.30 p.m.)
CHAPTER II — By Neil Simon. Camari Theatre production. (Cameel, 101 Dizengoff, Sunday, Monday and Tuesday at 8.30 p.m.; Wednesday at 4.30 and 8.30 p.m.)
DEATH OF A SALESMAN — The Camari Theatre production of Arthur Miller's play. (Cameel, tomorrow and Thursday at 8.30 p.m.)
THE OYBBIKH — Hebrew adaptation of S. Ansky's famous Yiddish play. (Habimah's Large Hall, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday)
THE FALL — By Albert Camus. Translated and directed by Niko Nihal. (Beit Hoven, Dizengoff St., tomorrow and Wednesday)
FAMILY AFFAIR — By the Lish Theatre. (Beit Hahayal, Weizmann and Pinkus, Thursday at 9 p.m.)
Haifa
RYCICLE FOR A YEAR — (Municipal Theatre, 80 Pevaner, Sunday and Thursday)
FAMILY AFFAIR — (Ammit, tonight at 9.45)

THEATRE

All programmes are in Hebrew unless otherwise stated.
Jerusalem
ABOVE AND BEYOND — By and with Oded Teoml. (Pargod, 04 Baszel, Tuesday at 9.30 p.m.)
LUNCH — Humorous critique of society based on the biblical episode of Naboth, who was put to death for refusing to sell his vineyard to Ahab and Jezabel. (Khan, opposite railway station, Wednesday at 8.30 p.m.)
THE SERMON — Haifa Theatre production based on story of Haim Hazaz. (Tzavta, 38 King George, Wednesday at 9 p.m.)
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FAMILY AFFAIR — By the Lish Theatre. (Beit Hahayal, Weizmann and Pinkus, Thursday at 9 p.m.)
Haifa
RYCICLE FOR A YEAR — (Municipal Theatre, 80 Pevaner, Sunday and Thursday)
FAMILY AFFAIR — (Ammit, tonight at 9.45)
Jerusalem
WOMEWARD BOUND — The third part of Yehoshua Sobol's projected trilogy "The Days of the House of Kaplan," an Israeli version of Aeschylus' "Orestia." The play is set in Tel Aviv on November 25, 1947 — the day of the UN decision on the creation of a Jewish State. Produced by the Habimah Theatre. (Habimah's Small Hall, tomorrow)
L.S. DIONYSOS — The title is a combination of LSD and Dionysos, the mythological god of wine. The play is about intoxication — the pushing, shouting, contemporary Israeli kind. Written and directed by and with Niko Nihal. (Telatron Bayit, 56 Zechariah, Tuesday)
LUCK, AMULETS AND THE EVIL EYE — The Yuzal Theatre's new play about the beliefs, customs and superstitions of Israel's different communities. (Ohal, 8 Bellinson, Tuesday at 8 p.m.)
LUNCH — (Beit Hahayal, Thursday at 8.30 p.m.)
METAMORPHOSIS — Kalka's story directed by Steven Sarkov. Produced by the Haifa Theatre. (Bat Dor, 30 Ibn Ovirol, tomorrow and Wednesday)
PAULA — About the absorption problems of a kibbutz volunteer. Directed by Eran Preis. (Tzavta, Monday at 8.30 p.m.)
THE RUBBER MERCHANTS — All about rubber contraptions. A lot of offensive schoolboy humour interspersed with a bit of good comedy. (Tzavta, tomorrow at 7.30 and 10.15 p.m., Thursday at 8.30 p.m.)
SIMPLE STORY — By E. Agnon. Produced by Habimah. (Habimah's Large Hall, tomorrow, Sunday, Thursday)
WHOSE LIFE IS IT ANYWAY? — New play by the Yuzal Theatre. (Municipal Workers House, tomorrow at 9 p.m.)
WINGS — The story of Hanna Senesh, in music and dance. Joint Haifa Municipal Theatre and Bat Or Dance Company production. (Nahman, 17 Nahmani, Monday)
Galilee
GALILEO GALILEI — By Brecht. Produced by the Haifa Theatre. (Municipal Theatre, tomorrow and Wednesday)
METAMORPHOSIS — (Municipal Theatre, Monday)
A STREETCAR NAMED DESIRE — Tennessee Williams' play produced by the Haifa Theatre. (Municipal Theatre, Tuesday)
Other Towns
BLOOD CONNECTION — By Athol Fugard. (Beeraheva, tomorrow, Sunday, Monday)
THE DOLL'S HOUSE — By Ibsen. (Beeraheva, tomorrow through Tuesday)
THE FALL — (Mishmar Hanegev, tonight)
FAMILY AFFAIR — (Kiryat Shmona, Shneer, Wednesday at 9 p.m.)
LUCK, AMULETS AND THE EVIL EYE — (Holon, tonight at 8.30; Kiryat Haim, Beit Nagler, tomorrow at 8.30 p.m.; Ashkelon, Matness, Monday at 8.30 p.m.; Ashdod, Olympia, Wednesday and Thursday at 9 p.m.)
METAMORPHOSIS — (Dimona, Thursday)
NATIM — From a story by A.B. Yehoshua. Directed by Nola Chilton. (Beerit, Monday)
PAULA — (Beeraheva, Beit Ha'am, Tuesday and Wednesday)
SPRING AWAKENING — (Gadera, Tuesday; Kiryat Gat, Wednesday)
A STREETCAR NAMED DESIRE — (Beeraheva, Sunday)
WEDDING EVE — Yehoshua Sobol's sequel to "Homeward Bound." (Pardees Hanna, Sunday)
DANCE
CLASSICAL INDIAN DANCE — (Tel Aviv, Tzavta, 30 Ibn Ovirol, today at 3)
For last minute changes in programmes or times of performance, please contact Box Office.

OPERA

THE ISRAEL NATIONAL OPERA Founder: The late Edis de Philippe. Conductors: George Singar, Alexander Tsacki, Arish Sharon. Chorus conductor: Dr. Hillel Pinkus.
NABUCCO — By Verdi. Cast: Rio Novello (La Scala, Milan); Caterina Misinoasi, Umberto Scialvino, Isaac Kriger, Gloria Sharon, Miriam Laron, M. Ben Shacher, Clara Klopot. (Tel Aviv, Sunday)
CAVALLERIA RUSTICANA, PAOLUCCI — Cast: Viorica Pop, Caterina Misinoasi, Ecom Shachar, Umberto Scialvino, Thomas Serpico, Esther Baumwal, Elisheva Vitale, Rio Novello, Gloria Sharon, Isaac Kriger. (Tel Aviv, Wednesday)
OPERETTA EVENING — Scenes from "La Vie Parisienne," "La Parichole," "Sylvia," "The Snow Boat," "The Oysy Baron," "The Merry Widow," "Paganini." (Tel Aviv, tomorrow and Tuesday)

FOR CHILDREN & YOUTH

WITHOUT FAMILY — French film based on the book by Hector Malou. (Jerusalem, Israel Museum, Thursday at 8.30 p.m.)
KISHKASHITA — Play with actors and puppets. (Jerusalem, Beit Ha'am, today at 10.30; Ashkelon, Beit Ha'am, Sunday at 4.30 p.m.; Dimona, Matness, Tuesday at 4.30 p.m.; Yotvata, Wednesday at 4.30 p.m.; Eilat, Eilat Theatre, Thursday at 4 p.m.)
THE SNOW QUEEN — Ark Samil's puppet theatre. (Beit Shemesh, Matness, Monday; Beit Shean, Matness, Tuesday; Kiryat Ono, Matness, Wednesday; Yehud, Matness, Thursday)

Jerusalem Cinemas

Commencing Saturday, Oct. 19, 1979

CINEMA 1 ONJO

in Jerusalem Cinemas

Buses 18, 19, 24 - Tel. 410057

Fri., Oct. 12 at 2.30
Allstar Maclean's
FORCE 10 FROM NAVARONE

Sat., Oct. 13 at 7, 9.30
Allstar Maclean's
FORCE 10 FROM NAVARONE

Sun., Oct. 14 at 0.45, 8.15
CABARET
with: Lise Minelli

Mon., Oct. 15 at 7, 9.15
JULIA
with: Vanessa Redgrave, Jane Fonda

Tues., Oct. 16 at 7, 9.15
TAXI DRIVER
with: Robert De Niro

Wed., Oct. 17 at 7, 9.15
NIVA ZAFATA
with: Morlon Brando, Anthony Quinn

Thur., Oct. 18 at 7, 9.15
MARATHON MAN

Fri., Oct. 19 at 2.30
STAR WARS

EDEN

4th week

FLIGHTY GIRL
* DFRZA TEZA
Weekdays 4, 7, 9

EDISON
8th week
Saturday 7, 9
Weekdays 4, 7, 9
THE DOG
* JASON MILLER
* LEA MASSARI

HABIRAH
SAFARI EXPRESS
4, 7, 9

KFIR
4th week
THE MAGICIAN OF LUBLIN
* ALAN ARKIN
* SHELLY WINTERS
4, 8.45, 9

MITCHELL
6th week
THE CHAMP
* FAYE DUNAWAY
4, 8.45, 9

ORGIL
3rd week
THE FRISCO KID
* GENE WILDER
* HARRISON FORD
4, 7, 9

ORION
Tel. 222914
6th week
A great action, adventure film
ESCAPE TO ATHENA
* ROGER MOORE
* CLAUDIA CARDINALE
* TELLY SAVALAS
No complimentary tickets or reductions
4, 8.45, 9

ORNA
Tel. 224738
2nd week
* ALAN ARKIN
* PETER FALK
In an uproarious comedy!
THE IN-LAWS
4, 7, 9

SEMADAR
2nd week
AN UNMARRIED WOMAN
* JILL CLAYBURTON
7, 9

RON

11th week
Weekdays 4, 0
Please note special performance times



THE DEER HUNTER
* ROBERT DE NIRO
* CHRISTOPHER WALKEN
* MERYL STREEP
SMALL AUDITORIUM
BINYENEI HA'OOMA
4th week
DAYS OF HEAVEN
7, 9

Tel Aviv Cinemas

Commencing Saturday, Oct. 13, 1979

ALLENBY
6th week
THE CHAMP
* FAYE DUNAWAY
Tonight 9.45, 19
Saturday 7.15, 9.30
Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30

BEN-YEHUDA
2nd week
Tonight 19, 12
4.30, 7.15, 9.30



CHEN
6th week
4.30, 7.15, 9.30
FLIC OU VOYOU
* JEAN PAUL BELMONDO

CINEMA ONE
ESCAPE TO ATHENA
* ROGER MOORE
* TELLY SAVALAS
Friday night 10, 12
Saturday 7.15, 9.30
Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30

DEKEL
7th week
7, 9.30
THE CHINA SYNDROME
* JANE FONDA
* MICHAEL DOUGLAS
* JACK LEMMON

CINEMA TWO

Tonight, 10, 12
Saturday 7.15, 9.30
Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30



DRIVE-IN CINEMA
1st week
Every evening 5.45, 7.30
HOT LEAD COLD FEET
9.30
BLOOD PARTNERS
ESTHER Tel. 225610
2nd week
The comedy that won the "Golden Screen" award in the 1979 Cannes Festival.
From Saturday
Et La Tendresse? ... Bordel!

GAT
6th week
* ROMY SCHNEIDER
in Claude Sautet's film
A SIMPLE STORY
4.30, 7.15, 9.00

GORDON
6th week
Saturday 7.15, 9.30
Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30

HOD
4th week
THE KILLER FISH
Everybody followed them...
* LEE MAJORS
* MARGAUX HEMINGWAY
* KAREN BLACK

LIMOR
4th week
4.30, 7.15, 9.30
* RYAN O'NEAL
* CANDICE BERGEN



PARIS
4th week
Weekdays 10, 12, 2.15, 4.30, 7.15, 9.30

TEL AVIV MUSEUM
8th week
Saturday and Weekdays 7.15, 9.30

PEER
6th week
THE MAIN EVENT
4.30, 7.15, 9.30

RAMAT AVIV
3rd week
CLOSE ENCOUNTERS OF THE THIRD KIND
Tonight 9.45, 12
Sat. and weekdays 7, 9.30

DEKEL
7th week
7, 9.30
OLIVER'S STORY
Based on the novel by Rich Segal

MAXIM

2nd week
Tonight et 10
Weekdays 11, 4.30, 7.15, 9.30

FRISCO KID
* GENE WILDER
* HARRISON FORD
MOGRABI
1st week



THE DEER HUNTER
* ROBERT DE NIRO
* CHRISTOPHER WALKEN
* MERYL STREEP
Saturday 9.00
Monday 9.30 only
Weekdays 4, 9.30
Please note special performance times

OPHIR
Tel. 618821
2nd week
FIVE DAYS FROM HOME
* GEORGE PEPPARD
Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30

ORLY
10th week
Israel Premiere
Tonight at 10
4.30, 7.15, 9.30

ANTHONY QUINN
THE CHILDREN OF SANCHEZ
"It's Tony Quinn's most powerful tour de force since 'Zorba the Greek'."
James Baaze

PARIS
4th week
Weekdays 10, 12, 2.15, 4.30, 7.15, 9.30

TEL AVIV
4th week
Tonight et 10
Sat. and weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30

SYLVESTER STALLONE'S
ROCKY II
The story continues...
PG United Artists

TEL AVIV MUSEUM
8th week
Saturday and Weekdays 7.15, 9.30

TEL AVIV MUSEUM
8th week
Saturday and Weekdays 7.15, 9.30

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8th week
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8th week
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TEL AVIV MUSEUM
8th week
Saturday and Weekdays 7.15, 9.30

TEL AVIV MUSEUM
8th week
Saturday and Weekdays 7.15, 9.30

ROYAL

10, 12, 3, 4, 7, 9, 9.30
A Swedish sex film

SHARAFF
4th week
Tonight 9.45, 12
Sat. night 9.45, 12
Sunday 7, 9.30
Weekdays 4, 9.30, 7, 9.30



THE DEER HUNTER
* ROBERT DE NIRO
* CHRISTOPHER WALKEN
* MERYL STREEP
Saturday 9.00
Monday 9.30 only
Weekdays 4, 9.30
Please note special performance times

STUDIO
Tel. 295517
4th week
Monday 9.30 only
4.30, 7.15, 9.30

WIFE MISTRESS
* MARCELLO MASTROIANNI
* LAURA ANTONELLI

TCHELET
Tel. 443850
10th week
DAYS OF HEAVEN
* RICHARD GERE
* BOOBIE ADAMS
* SAM SHEPARD
Saturday 7.15, 9.00
4.30, 7.15, 9.30

TEL AVIV
4th week
Tonight et 10
Sat. and weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30

SYLVESTER STALLONE'S
ROCKY II
The story continues...
PG United Artists

TEL AVIV MUSEUM
8th week
Saturday and Weekdays 7.15, 9.30

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8th week
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8th week
Saturday and Weekdays 7.15, 9.30

TEL AVIV MUSEUM
8th week
Saturday and Weekdays 7.15, 9.30

Halfa Cinemas

Commencing Saturday, Oct. 13, 1979

AMPHITHEATRE
A new war film
FROM HELL TO VICTORY
* GEORGE PEPPARD
* IDRST BUCHOLD
4, 8.45, 9

ARMON
4th week
FLIC OU VOYOU
* JEAN PAUL BELMONDO
Sun., 7, 9.15
Weekdays 4, 8.45, 9

ATZMON
2nd week
Now comedy
THE MAIN EVENT
* BARBRA STREISAND
* RYAN O'NEAL

CHEN
MY MOTHER THE GENERAL
* GILA ALMADOR
* ZACHI NOY
4, 8.45, 9

GALOR
From Friday 10, 2, 7
GREASE
* JOHN TRAVOLTA
12, 4, 9

DRUM
* KEN NORTON

MIRON
2nd week
From Friday, 9 nonstop peris.
SEX AND LOVE
In colour
Adults only

MORIAH
7th week
THE BOYS FROM BRAZIL
* LILA PALMER
* LAURENCE OLIVIER
Adults only
0.45, 9

ORAN
11th week
THE FRISCO KID
* GENE WILDER
* HARRISON FORD
7.15, 9.30

OASIS
6th week
MOONRAKER
* ROGER MOORE
of James Bond out
4, 7, 9.30

ORDEA
Tel. 721120
4th week
THE MAGICIAN OF LUBLIN
7, 9.30

ORDAN
A STAR IS BORN
* BARBRA STREISAND
* KRIS KRISTOFFERSEN
4, 8.45, 9

ORION
A new sexy film
EMMANUEL IN THE TOWER OF PASSIONS
Six complete parts, from Friday

ZAFON
10th week
GET OUT YOUR HANDKERCHIEFS
4.30, 7.15, 9.30

ONLY THE ADVENTURES OF PICASSO

Mat. at 4: The Rescuers

PEER
10th week
A Franco Zeffirelli film
THE CHAMP
* FAYE DUNAWAY
* JON YDIOT
* RICKY SCHROEDER
Saturday 8.40, 8
Sun., Wed. 4.30
No complimentary tickets

RON
2nd week
Menahem Golan's
THE MAGICIAN OF LUBLIN
* ALAN ARKIN
* SHELLY WINTERS
* SHARIE DEPIERRE
* ZACHI NOY
4, 8.45, 9

SHAVIT
3rd week
WIFE MISTRESS
8.45, 9

Ramat Gan Cinemas
Commencing Saturday, Oct. 13, 1979

ARMON
Tel. 720706
4th week
4.30, 7.15, 9.30
FLIC OU VOYOU
* JEAN PAUL BELMONDO
HADAR Tel. 732822
3rd week

WEST SIDE GIRL
7.15, 9.30

LILY
2nd week
THE FRISCO KID
* GENE WILDER
* HARRISON FORD
7.15, 9.30

OASIS
6th week
MOONRAKER
* ROGER MOORE
of James Bond out
4, 7, 9.30

ORDEA
Tel. 721120
4th week
THE MAGICIAN OF LUBLIN
7, 9.30

ORDAN
A STAR IS BORN
* BARBRA STREISAND
* KRIS KRISTOFFERSEN
4, 8.45, 9

ORION
A new sexy film
EMMANUEL IN THE TOWER OF PASSIONS
Six complete parts, from Friday

ZAFON
10th week
GET OUT YOUR HANDKERCHIEFS
4.30, 7.15, 9.30

RAMA

SLAP SHOT
* PAUL NEWMAN
Saturday 7.10, 9.30
Weekdays 7.15, 9.30
Sun., Wed. 4.30

RAMAT GAN
2nd and last week
Comedy and suspense
WHO IS KILLING THE GREAT CHEFS OF EUROPE?
* GEORGE SEGAL
* JAQUELINE BISSET
7.15, 9.30

Petah Tikva Cinemas

SHALOM
4th and last week
ISRAELI MUSICAL FLIGHTY GIRL
Saturday 7.30, 9.30
Weekdays 4, 7.15, 9.30
Monday mat. at 0
7.15, 9.10

Holon Cinemas

MIGDAL
Tel. 841839
7th week
MIDNIGHT EXPRESS
7.15, 9.30
Mat. at 4.30: King Kong

Herzliya Cinemas

DAVID
Tel. 984021
2nd week
THE CHAMP
4, 7, 9.30

TIFERET
2nd week
MIDNIGHT EXPRESS
7.15, 9.30

Netanya Cinemas

ESTHER
3rd week
WEST SIDE GIRL
Saturday 0, 7, 9.30
Weekdays 4.30, 7, 8.15

FILMS IN BRIEF

THE ADVENTURES OF PICASSO - A THOUSAND LOVING LIES - An almost completely fictional "biography" of Pablo Picasso. Based on a series of comedy-sketches, mime and sight gags, the film may or may not say anything about Picasso but is a delight to watch.

THE BOYS FROM BRAZIL - An excellent thriller based on a modern-day Nazi plot to rebuild the Aryan Race. Dr. Josef Mengele, the infamous Auschwitz doctor, is alive in Paraguay and plans a scheme with his Nazi cohorts that is so terrible yet so believable that the audience responds not only with feelings of suspense but also of horror. Gregory Peck, Laurence Olivier, James Mason and Lilli Palmer make an excellent cast.

THE CHAMP - This second remake of Wallace Beery's classic 1931 MGM film tells the story of a prizefighter who, because of heavy drinking, destroys his career. The love of his life gives him the strength to make a comeback. Jack Palance, Faye Dunaway and Ricky Schroeder star in this shrewdly-filled tear-jerker that never wins our sympathy.

THE GRINA SYNDROME - Jane Fonda, Jack Lemmon and Michael Douglas in a first class thriller that also makes a statement warning against the dangers of nuclear power. The film sets the stage for a hair-raising show-down with apocalyptic as the potential payoff. Well worth seeing.

CLOSE ENCOUNTERS OF THE THIRD KIND - Fifteen million Americans claim to have sighted UFOs and scientists are beginning to take them seriously. In this remarkable science fiction mystery, a lonely and a young widow follow their intuition through to one of the most sensational and exciting films of the year. The film's extraordinary circumstances. Not to be missed.

DAYS OF HEAVEN - Director Malick offers a surreal, visual splendor as he recreates early 1930s rural America. Primarily a morality tale; the cinematography steals the show, and the lasting effect is sensory, set emotional. Don't miss it.

THE DEER HUNTER - Without broaching the question of America's moral right to be in Vietnam, this is an epic war film that tells the story of the slow-working buddies, who are indelibly scarred by the Vietnam war. Winner of five Oscars, this three-hour film should not be missed.

THE DOG - A Satanic dog, a brutish dictator and a chase through Latin America. The film is entertaining, it lacks the depth of the novel and while Golan has recreated a frighteningly real turn of the century Poland, a look of history in a haunting makes the film fall short of its mark.

ESCAPE TO ATHENA - With a cast featuring Roger Moore, Telly Savalas, David Niven, Stefania Powers, Claudia Cardinale, Richard Roundtree, Sonny Bono and Elliot Gould it is difficult to imagine how this blank humor comedy about World War II could go wrong. But it does.

ET LA TENDRESSE...BORDDEL! - A light, amusing French sex farce that features a "sympathetic couple." Nothing particularly new, but it might do instead of television viewing.

FIVE DAYS FROM HOME - George Peppard stars as a convict trying desperately to get to the bedside of his, seductively injured son. The chase takes us from Arkansas to California. This is not a highly accomplished film from the technical point of view but can be recommended as an experience that leaves you feeling good for humanity.

FLIC OU VOYOU - Jean Paul Belmondo is one of the most popular, toughest cops to ever cross the silver screen in this delightful, fully serious and simultaneously funny film. Lots of action with gangsters, women and a classy car all on the Côte d'Azur.

THE FRISCO KID - Gene Wilder stars as Avram Mus, an orthodox Polish rabbinical student who comes to America to tame the Wild West. Together with Harrison Ford (Remember him? He saved the universe in "Star Wars") this film fields a series of rip-roaring and often side-splitting adventures.

MOONRAKER - The 11th in the James Bond series. A rousing, escapist film with brilliant special effects, including a thriller, half-million dollar space station and an endearing performance by 007's steel-toothed adversary, "Jaws."

MY MOTHER THE GENERAL - A simple, non-pretentious Israeli comedy that capitalizes on a good basic situation, plenty of army slang and Yiddish motherhood. Pleasant and entertaining film.

GET OUT YOUR HANDKERCHIEF - A "story" features, once again, the joint talents of author Brian Segal and actor Ryan O'Neal. Oliver Barrett, IV is now paired with Candice Bergen in a tale of love, sentimentality or mauling than was the original.

THE RESCUERS - Two intrepid members of the "Rescue Aid Society," an international organization of mice, set out by Albert and Charles in search of a lost little girl. They find her imprisoned by Madam Medusa and forced to search a pirate's cave for "The Devil's Eye." Beautiful clear animations and refreshing use of color. Walt Disney excellence.



Peter Falk and Alan Arkin as "The In-Laws."

THE IN-LAWS - With a wild imagination and an ingenious plot, this film teams Peter Falk and Alan Arkin in one of the funniest comedies of the year. Their children are getting married in a week; but Falk takes Arkin on a chase to South America that has them nearly killed half-a-dozen times in as many very funny ways.

JULIA - Fine film directed by Fred Zinneman and based on Lillian Hellman's 1943 play. About the deep friendship between two women, the film spans a time period of 40 years, starting from the years prior to the outbreak of World War II and Julia's fight against fascism. Exceptional acting by Jane Fonda and Vanessa Redgrave.

KING-KONG - Italian producer Dino De Laurentiis' \$25 million "new improved" remake of 1933 King Kong monster epic-apo has some spectacular effects, but fails to capture the barbaric simplicity of the authentic Kong.

THE MAGICIAN OF LUBLIN - Director Menahem Golan brings the novel of Isaac Bashevis Singer to the screen. While the film is entertaining it lacks the depth of the novel and while Golan has recreated a frighteningly real turn of the century Poland, a look of history in a haunting makes the film fall short of its mark.

THE MAIN EVENT - Barbra Streisand and Ryan O'Neal in a boxing comedy that falls flat on its face both to the ring and on the screen.

MARATHON MAN - A Jewish student in New York gets entangled in financial and political intrigue entering around a former concentration camp commander. Adapted by William Goldman from his own best-selling book. Directed by John Schlesinger.

MIDNIGHT EXPRESS - A young American, caught trying to smuggle hashish out of Turkey, is sentenced to 30 years imprisonment. His experiences with a barbaric system of "justice" and a protegee prison system form the basis for this shocking and important film. Excellent acting by Brad Davis, John Hurt and others.

MOONRAKER - The 11th in the James Bond series. A rousing, escapist film with brilliant special effects, including a thriller, half-million dollar space station and an endearing performance by 007's steel-toothed adversary, "Jaws."

MY MOTHER THE GENERAL - A simple, non-pretentious Israeli comedy that capitalizes on a good basic situation, plenty of army slang and Yiddish motherhood. Pleasant and entertaining film.

THE RESCUERS - Two intrepid members of the "Rescue Aid Society," an international organization of mice, set out by Albert and Charles in search of a lost little girl. They find her imprisoned by Madam Medusa and forced to search a pirate's cave for "The Devil's Eye." Beautiful clear animations and refreshing use of color. Walt Disney excellence.

ROCKY II - Written, directed by and starring Sylvester Stallone, this sequel to Rocky is even more brutal than the original. There is a new fight scene however that manages to hold everyone in suspense until a surprise ending.

ding, 285 million people saw "Rocky," and most of them will probably enjoy "Rocky II" at the same level.

SAFARI EXPRESS - A collection of foolish people chase each other around Africa in one of the poorest productions of the year. Ursula Andress shows off her lovely legs; Jack Palance imitates a gay godfather and Biba the hippie proves at least as intelligent as the people that decided to make this film.

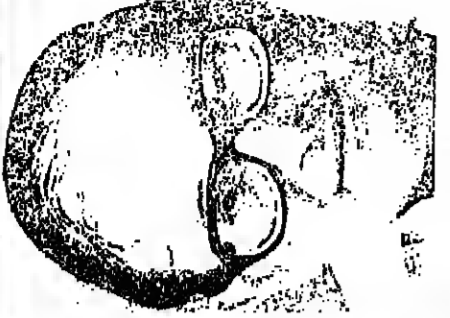
A SIMPLE STORY - A very well done slice-of-life film that traces the day to day experience of a 40-year-old French woman who is searching for a way to be part of the things around her that fascinate, involve and even shock her. Director Claude Sautet and actors Romy Schneider, Bruno Cremer and Claude Brasseur collaborate well to present a picture that is both real and meaningful.

SLAP SHOT - Widely comic satirical spoof of the huckster in America. Paul Newman, the fading player-coach of a losing minor league team in Northern Pennsylvania, finds that after motivating his team towards increasingly intense violence on the ice, they start to draw fans and win games. The pace and action are intense and the whiskey brand of math on ice is often hilarious.

The Week's TV/Radio Highlights

OCTOBER 12 - OCTOBER 18

Table with columns for days of the week (Friday, Saturday, Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday) and rows for TV and Radio highlights. Each cell contains program titles, times, and brief descriptions.



Avi Blinn Army Radio, 22.05



Elain London Army Radio, 16.05



Meop Treching TV, 20.30



Oldison Ben-Israeli TV, 21.55



Sufstaler Stations TV, 20.30



Gail Atari TV, 22.05



Y'oram Gurion TV, 21.30

Sony Betamax advertisement with the slogan 'See what you've been missing.' and the Sony logo.

Vertical text on the right edge of the page, including 'ask anyone...' and other illegible text.

Best face forward

Unlike the persistent *paparazzi*, jet-set cameraman Jean Christophe Pigozzi has come in from the cold, to stand cheek to cheek with the celebrities he photographs. He landed here last week to attend the opening of a show of his work at Tel Aviv's White Gallery, and met The Post's ROBERT ROSENBERG.



Who are those people with Pigozzi? (First row, from left) Film star Candice Bergen, record magnate Ahmet Ertegun, singer Dolly Parton. (Second row) 'Animal House's' John Belushi, author Mario Puzo, literary agent Swift Lazar. (Third row) Reporter Robert Rosenberg, Mariasa Eversen, Norman Mailer.

HE GRABS them — not physically, he's too big for that — with a smile and his camera. Before they can look at any of his photographs on the wall, or more important, look around at the people at the opening, Jean Christophe Pigozzi, 27, the son of the man who founded Simca, friend to the wealthy, the famous and bizarre, grabs our "cosmopolitan" Tel Avivians, stands them in front of what seem like a hundred famous faces — then (snap) the flash goes off and the pocket Leica is back in the palm of Pigozzi's bear-like paw. They think they were being singled out. "Orna, why is he taking our picture? Who is this guy?" Like some reverie from Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid, they ask "Who is this guy?" until they turn around and look at the famous faces. And whose face is omnipresent? Whose face peers at the camera, laughs at the camera, studiously charms the camera? (snap), it's him (snap), Pigozzi, and he's cheek to cheek with the rich, the famous, the talented. Norman Mailer (snap), Candice Bergen (snap), Mario Puzo (snap), there's no Jackie Onassis or Woody Allen, but Pigozzi (snap) huge and light-footed in green and neon yellow Adidas, ticket in hand for the next flight to the next place to be, Pigozzi is patient, he'll get them (snap), he knows them and he'll catch them for his most unusual album. These celebrities, often only to each other, are Pigozzi's "friends," he explains, as he guides us around the gallery. He remembers all the various scenes. He remembers the name of the fancy lady's dog shot (snap) during a Fifth Avenue stroll. He remembers the French disco couple (snap). He remembers the party with the Jagers (snap), where Mick was bored and Blasco silly. Paparazzi king Ron Galella once told Pigozzi to get long Johns because of the cold wait outside New York's Studio 54. Pigozzi doesn't need long Johns. "I get in," he says. He remembers these scenes, not because he had to write a caption for a fan mag or scandal sheet, but because he was there as an invited guest, or friend to comedienne Gilda Radner (snap), as playmate to the Playmate (snap), as an acquaintance of Swift Lazar (snap), the literary agent who handled Henry Kissinger's (snap) at a football game/memorial. Yet many of these famous, these visages that peer back at America from inside the flickering light of the television — here, in Israel, in what we tend to think of as rasmataz Tel Aviv, they are question marks. Who is Patty Oja (snap) and why does she stick her tongue out? Who is Jerry Hall (snap) and why does Pigozzi seem to leer when she stands arms wrapped around his shoulder. Perhaps Bobby Zarem (snap) is more than anyone else important, for he is the man who helps the million or so Americans competing for the 82 covers of *Newsweek*. Bobby Zarem (snap) is the man who made Margaux Hemingway (no snap yet) more than just another favourite granddaughter. But here in Sand Dune City, who has heard of Bobby Zarem?

Ing toward the future, he says, a comment we find more than somewhat unusual coming from someone who hangs out with John Belushi (snap), star of *Animal House*, *Saturday Night Live*, and this year America's favourite maniac, from someone who zips back and forth across the face of the globe to be where the champagne is pouring. And then one looks at the pictures again. Who are these people? Norman Mailer (snap), Mario Puzo (snap), Mick Jagger (snap), Dolly Parton (snap). They are good, if not the best, at what they do. They work, often seven days a week, like Jagger, for six months of the year, and have somehow earned the binges they fill scandal sheets with. In a way they are a new kind of aristocracy and it took Simca heir and Pigozzi to see it. We're so small, Arik Einstein (who Pigozzi wouldn't recognize to snap) is probably the only genuine Israeli superstar, for he alone has managed to maintain a mystique. He's a pop singer, consistently in the Top Ten, who wears a cardigan sweater. But even Arik Einstein can be seen on the street here, squinting and looking like he just woke up, when he visits Moshe Kah-Kaselt on Dizengoff to meet with Barry Leibowitz to talk basketball every Tuesday afternoon. Or Moshe Dayan (I forgot to ask Pigozzi if he wanted to snap). Marshall McLuhan is right. The image is the message. So Dayan's eyepatch makes him mysterious

and Arik Einstein's cardigan sets him apart. CAN ANYBODY here understand Pigozzi? Can anybody understand that he strips away fame, fortune, plastic and neon leaving us for a moment — as long as he takes to focus and shoot — with a still bright-eyed Norman Mailer (snap). Pigozzi saw Mailer hit Gore Vidal and "was too choked to take a picture." He's only interested in people. For us, in the far end of the Mediterranean, record magnate Ahmet Ertegun (snap) is important and we hardly know him. The son of a former Turkish ambassador to the U.S., Ertegun is the *pasha* *chim* guru of these media psobas. For Pigozzi, Ertegun represents Range with a capital R. Up until dawn after a dinner party and a jazz jam session, Ertegun can be at his office, dapper as always, elegant as always, talking on the telephone to Zbigniew Brzezinski about the Turkish lobby in the Senate. From that conversation he turns to a finger-snapping chat with Ray Charles. Pigozzi is interested in interesting people and, as what is discreetly described as a person of private innooms, Pigozzi can afford to be in Israel this week, in West Germany next week, and the Caribbean the week after. A glance at the Rolling Stone magazine schedule, and at his Rolex ("the only unbreakable status symbol," he calls it) and he's off to a concert in London.

He sits in the King David restaurant and while putting away a masava breakfast, asks "Is Tel Aviv New York, like Jerusalem is Washington." I want to explain, yes, in a way. Tel Aviv has the glitter, Jerusalem has the grace. Tel Aviv has the newspapers, Jerusalem has the government. But no. It's not the same. When Able Nathan (No snap yet) still owned the California restaurant in Tel Aviv, he might have understood Pigozzi. Able hosted air force generals, journalists, painters, leftists and rightists. He boasted high society and low society, choosing people who interested him, and they rubbed shoulders in his restaurant the way bottoms are rubbed and deals are made in Studio 54, the New York disco that amazes Pigozzi because people go there to be seen, to do business, to work, instead of to relax. Any groupies are also important, for they can prove some kind of excellence. "Who doesn't have a groupie," Pigozzi asks rhetorically. He looks at the floor of the King David, burnished to a shine that only the American tourists don't notice, and ventures that the man who laid the floor must have a groupie. We have groupies in Israel. What was Shimo Lahat when he greeted Sarah Fawcett? Why did David Soul (Hutch) get 20 minutes of Mabat news in less than a week? We are all groupies of the image we have of America. We are blinded by what Pigozzi

Milestone mutiny



THE BATTLESHIP POTEMKIN edited by Herbert Marshall. New York, Avon. 888 pp., \$7.95

Wim van Leer

from the Russian experiment is that the means determine the end, a lesson we in Israel should remember in these turbulent days. Mr. Marshall, whatever his past, is no lefty. His apologists, however, are, and the agitprop gobbledegoo sticks in the throat: "...we must try to criticize *Battleship Potemkin* in accordance with the criterion laid down in relation to this question by Bellinsky (a 19th century critic — Ed.). It is required of contemporary critics that they reveal and demonstrate the soul of the poet in his works and that they trace the predominant ideas in them, the prevailing thought of the author's whole life, all his experience and

reveal and make clear his inner contemplation, his pathos." First you force the artist into a straightjacket of political correctness; next, you tell the critic what, how and by what criteria to analyse and exercise his *critique*; and next, and this is a more complex task because we are dealing with the multitudes, you teach the audience how to react. Obviously, cool judgement was expected of the critic and Siberia was the ideal climate in which to attain socialist critical perfection. In the field of international distribution, censors were wary of the film's revolutionary fervour and its possible impact on the growing breadlines of the unemployed. In Germany, the Weimar Republic passed the film with substantial cuts as suitable for public exhibition, except for persons under 18 and members of the armed forces. "Now for the first time," Max Reinhardt ad-

mitted, "I am willing to admit that the stage will have to give way to the cinema." Albert Einstein on his first visit to the cinema "was literally stunned." In the press, acrimonious polemics divided on purely political lines. In England, the Home Secretary at first banned the film but, after judicious cutting, relented — a decision he may have regretted when in 1931 "naval disturbances" broke out at Scottish ports because of a reduction in pay. Vice Admirals had their daily wages cut from £5.50 to £5.00 (some 10%), whereas able seamen were reduced from £0.25 to £0.20 (some 20%). The cuts were partially restored as England went off the gold standard. In Holland, as I recall, the film was shown in closed film societies, most probably with the censor's permission. The authorities were not overly worried about the corduroy-trousered intelligentsia with horn-rimmed glasses and bohemian ideas. What they were afraid of was those cloth-capped proles with lean and hungry faces and iron-hard knuckles. In February '33, disturbances broke out in the Dutch colonial fleet at Surabaya when the government reduced naval pay by some 27%. The mutineers, mainly Indonesian, took over the battleship *The Seven Provinces* and headed for the open sea, pursued by the ship's commander with a small task-force supported by flying boats. When the mutiny spread to other fleet units, the Dutch Naval authorities stamped 428 mutineers in irons. Bombs dropped by aircraft on the errant battleship caused some 50 casualties, resulting in the ship's immediate surrender. Captain Eikenboom was relieved of his command. I have no record that the wage cuts were rescinded. (These days the Dutch Armed Forces are unionised.)

Marshall's contributors that "the capitalist world has every reason for alarm. The revolutionary contagion has penetrated into the holy of holies of the bourgeoisie, its armed forces." It is unlikely that either the katjangs of the Sumatra station or the tars at Invergordon had ever seen or heard of *Potemkin*. Still, the fact that open revolt occurred in three countries as autocratic as Russia, Britain and Holland, especially in the tradition-bound Senior Service, gives food for thought — a point overlooked by Mr. Marshall's contributors. In the U.S.A., the film, sponsored by each public darling like Douglas Fairbanks and Mary Pickford, who imported and promoted *Potemkin*, found much acclaim amongst the Hollywood intelligentsia. "So truly is it acted and so intelligently is it directed," raved *The New Yorker*, "that it becomes an event lifted from history... and marks another step in the march of the Motion Picture towards a serious place amongst the arts." FEW FILMS have left a mark on the development of the cinema like *Battleship Potemkin*, in which the cinema established itself as a sales medium: for promoting contemporary mores and ideals as viewed by the Hollywood Dream Industry; for political concepts like *Potemkin* (USSR); or *Triumph of the Will* (Nazi Germany); and, in a marvellously condensed form, for selling merchandise ranging from whiter-than-white soap, belch-illuminator, pussy food and multi-flavoured vaginal douches. For scaling its believing and the film is to agitprop the viewer into acquisitive action. All these films can trace their lineage to the close-up of the maggotty meat served to the *Potemkin's* sailors, its fast-cut crescendo affect of turning motivation into action on the quarterdeck, and the associative images of the baby carriage careening down the steps at Odessa. □

I RATHER DOUBT the statements by some of Mr.

Megadeath menace

IF THERE IS one lesson that should have, but has not, been learnt in our pain-wracked and blood-drenched century, it is that war is far too important a matter to be left entirely to the generals.

The German General Staff of World War I, universally agreed at the time to be the most professional and feared professors of the science of conflict on earth, had planned with painstaking detail for a short-term blitzkrieg that would be all over by Christmas. It took the non-military industrial and economic genius of Walter Rathenau and Carl Bosch to rescue the German economy for the long-haul war of attrition that in fact followed.

In World War II, all the British and French generals meticulously studied the lessons of the World War I holocausts, and came up with all the wrong answers. Hitler, on the other hand, consistently ignored the advice of his generals and conquered Europe. Only when he started thinking like a general himself did he lose his touch.

Neither home, the picture is no more reassuring. As long as the IDF dressed like slob and displayed conventional military wisdom and the little trappings of martial pride, they triumphed repeatedly over odds of dozens to one. Only after the greatest victory of all, in 1967, did military pride take over, and as it rose, so military performance fell.

Currently, we are repeatedly assured that we have never been stronger (as if battles had ever been decided by numbers of tanks or chariots alone), and that the bitter lessons of 1973 have been well learned. A bad sign. For no war is ever a simple repeat of the last one without its mistakes, and those who lack the imagination and flexibility to grasp the differences exact a heavy price from those who trusted in them.

GENERAL HACKETT'S *The Third World War* is a classic example of such "General Staff Think." The avowed political-strategic aim of the book is clearly to scare its readers with the bogey of a Russian attack against Western Europe, but to convey the hopeful message that the attack (projected for 1985) will fail — bringing about the final collapse of the Soviet dictatorship — as long as the NATO nations are wise enough to base their military planning on Hackett's oracular advice.

To warn against Soviet imperialism and its threat to Europe, then to advocate an in-

crease in Western defence spending, is finally coming again to be the accepted wisdom that it ought always to have been. To this extent, I have no bones to pick with the intent of *The Third World War*, being in favour of motherhood and apple-ple myself.

WHAT IS alarming is the authoritative tone and detail with which the fiction is worked out. So closely do the facts of 1978 and the fantasy of 1985 dovetail, that there is room for doubt whether General Hackett and his merry men can tell the difference themselves.

Thus, the basic *weltpolitik* pattern before World War III is assumed to be a relatively straight showdown between the big, bad Russians and the rest of us, led by NATO. That the severe strains of the post Yom Kippur War depression and the desperate race for energy supplies opened vast gaps between America, Japan and the European Community seems to have been lost on General Hackett, who gives the impression of still being frozen in the deepest glaciers of the Cold War.

But increasingly prominent voices in both the leading German political parties have recently been sounding the option of leaving NATO to make a settlement

with the Soviet Union in return for the reunification of Germany — a scenario that the unmilitary but present John Le Carré dined over a decade ago in *A Small Town in Germany*. From the German viewpoint, such an option would surely be more attractive than being the democratic good-guy patsy who has to stand in front of the Russian tanks which General Hackett graciously grants them.

Equally narrow-minded is the assumption that once the political decision to increase government spending has been taken by the Western democracies, it will only be a matter of time before our security problems are solved. General Hackett does not address the question of the deeper cultural, spiritual and moral decadence of Western civilization that, for example, left the U.S. revealed as such a paper tiger in Vietnam. However much the U.S. spends on armaments, the nagging question now remains, will they still be too soft in the field when they actually have to use it?

PERHAPS most morally obnoxious of all is General Hackett's implicit justification of Dr. Strangelove. In his megadeath chess game, the Soviet Union, finding that the revitalized Western allies are more than a plucky match for it after all, despatches a single H-bomb to the city of Birmingham, England. In cool and sane response, Britain's woman prime minister gives the

school bully a well-deserved slap by incinerating the slightly larger (a nice touch) Soviet city of Minsk. Thereby nuclear escalation is ended, as the Russians meekly realize that they can't get away with it.

This is the spuriously rational logic so beloved of Hermann Kahn and the crazed war-gaming dream-Napoleons of strategic study centres the world over. So unthinkable is the prospect of throw-kill holocaust, the pundits argue, that the more massive and intricate the mutual thermonuclear deterrent systems become, the more certainly will world peace be assured by the balance of terror.

The ghastly lesson of 1914, however, was that systems must never be allowed to become bigger than the men who invent them, and that the political directors of a nation's course must never make the mistake of thinking that their generals are infallible by virtue of the array of impressive plans and lethal toys at their disposal.

Once the guns start to fire and the people start getting ground to bits, there are always a number of factors that the computers turn out to have forgotten. Wars have lives of their own. The really successful practitioners of them, such as Napoleon and Alexander, were always flexible and opportunistic enough to take advantage of that. It's a lesson that seems to have been lost on General Hackett. □

statements by some of Mr.

Sand cats...



...and horse-shoe bats



(Photo: Amikam Shub)

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Holocaust woman

WILLIAM STYRON'S eudacity is matched only by his talent. After writing two searing examinations of evil and despair (*Lie Down in Darkness* and *Set This House on Fire*) and a brilliant short novel about the U.S. Marine Corps (*The Long March*), this white Southern American novelist had theutzpa to write — in the first person — *The Confessions of Nat Turner*, a psycho-historical novel about the leader of an American slave uprising.

That book earned Styron no end of criticism from the American black community — and a Pulitzer Prize. Now, 12 years later — he is an unhurried Southern craftsman, often producing no more than two or three pellucid paragraphs per day — Styron has performed the most daring feat of his career, and *Sophie's Choice*, a novel about the Holocaust, has rocked the American Jewish community as no novel has since *Portnoy's Complaint*.

How dare a guy from bigoted Virginia speculate about Auschwitz? Elie Wiesel has said that by writing about the Holocaust, "novelists cheapened it, drained it of substance." And George Steiner has urged silence, so as not to add the trivia of literary, sociological debate to the unspeakable. (If Wiesel and Steiner are correct, they are prime offenders.) Styron, however, vigorously disagrees with all this. "The embodiment of evil which Auschwitz has become," he writes, "remains impenetrable only so long as we shrink from trying to penetrate it, however inadequately."

Styron in fact has penetrated it more than adequately, armed as he is with stunning imagination and skill. American Jews may not be able to come to grips with a gentle speaking to other gentiles about Jewish matters — and even presenting some very unsavoury Jews in the bargain. But the fact remains that *Sophie's Choice*, despite its dizzying ambitions and a number of flaws, is a masterpiece.

THE AUTHOR'S conceit is to fashion a thoroughly believable fiction. His narrator is a 22-year-old Virginian called Stingo who, like Styron himself, has completed a stint in the Marines and has come up to New York "to be a writer." He starts a book that very much resembles *Lie Down in Darkness*, and he dreams of some day doing a novel on Nat Turner. The year is 1947, and the story is

Sophie's story second-hand; two things which, considering the drama of its events, tend to give the book a curiously static nature. Yet this, too, is redeemed by the author's insight, and by his ability to describe with conviction even the most peculiar events and ideas.

He also makes some dazzling historical leaps, as he meditates on such things as plantation slavery and the variety instituted by I.G. Farben, or as he draws comparisons between the American South and Poland, two proud, defeated agrarian societies still revering "factitious aristocracies," military titles, horseflesh and women.

Improbability and ambivalence converge most markedly in the narrator, who often serves as a sort of stand-in stooge for the innocent and incredulous reader. Particularly in view of his 20-year perspective, the narrator often seems simply too innocent and incredulous. But he is usually more engaging than not, especially when he wrestles with his own feelings about Jews. Hars he is, for example, reflecting on himself as a child, stering at the little synagogue in his home town in Virginia:

"As a junior Bible scholar, I knew both a great deal about the Hebrews and too little, therefore still could not picture what transpired at the Congregation Rodef Sholem. My childish fancy suggested that they blew a shofar, whose rude untempered notes echoed through a piece of ebiding gloom where there was a rotting old Ark and a pile of scrolls. Bent kisser women, faces covered, wore hair shirts and loudly sobbed. No stirring hymns were sung, only monotonous chants in which there was repeated with harsh insistence a word sounding like *adsnoida*. Spectral and bony phylacteries flapped through the murk like prehistoric birds, and everywhere were the rabbis in skullcaps moaning in a guttural tongue as they went about their savage rites — circumcising goats, burning oxen, disemboweling newborn lambs...."

ABOVE ALL, Styron has attempted to deal with the weightiest issues of the Holocaust: culpability, complicity, survival and guilt. His book, with all its horrors and heroism and plain humanity, is as timely now in this age of Auschwitz-denial as *Nat Turner* was at the height of the U.S. civil rights struggle. And it thrusts before us the most agonizing Holocaust question of all — not "Where was God at Auschwitz?" but "Where was man?" □

SOPHIE'S CHOICE by William Styron. London, Jonathan Cape. 472 pp. £5.95.
S.T. Meravi

told with the 20-year perspective of a successful novelist. Shering Stingo's Brooklyn boarding house are Nathan Landau, a mad Jewish genius of a biochemist, and Sophie Zawistowska, a beautiful blonde Polish gentle and survivor of Auschwitz. Stingo promptly falls in love with Sophie, despite the fact that she is much older than he — and totally committed to Nathan.

Nathan is not only Sophie's lover, but her tormentor as well. Usually tender and solicitous, he periodically flies into violent rages in which he assaults and degrades Sophie. His chief charge against Sophie is that she is guilty of surviving Auschwitz while so many others — Jews — died.

Sophie does carry a terrible burden of guilt. Although passive, apolitical and unprejudiced, she knew that her father was a vicious anti-Semite and that her countrymen were all too willing to cooperate in the Final Solution. She knew, too, that the Germans' obsession with killing Jews diverted their energies from exterminating others, and because of this she managed to survive.

Sophie reveals her history to Stingo in excruciating detail — not only the wrenching facts of Auschwitz itself, but such secrets as Sophie's attempting to trade on her father's anti-Semitism in an effort to save herself. Stingo, who himself feels guilty for carousing at college while all this was going on, can extend sympathy and understanding. The crazed Brooklyn Jew Nathan Landau cannot.

MUCH OF THE novel is improbable: Nathan's and Sophie's devotion and friendship for the cello young writer from the South; the innocence of the narrator himself (he is, after all, supposedly a Marine veteran); some of the melodramatic revelations concerning the principals' backgrounds. Yet any contrivance here pales before the very improbability of Auschwitz itself, and all of it is redeemed by the truth of the human heart which is revealed within even the most ambivalent of the characters. Similarly, the novel is flawed by frequently clotted writing and by the device of Stingo tolling us

BERNARD WASSERSTEIN, a Sheffield University historian, has written an outstanding book, a work of outrage and acute scholarship, about Britain's response to Hitler's destruction of European Jewry between 1939 and 1945.

Between 1939 and 1939 Britain took in 58,000 Jewish refugees from Nazi persecution. Between 1939 and 1945 she took in something less than 10,000. Between 1939 and 1939 Mandatory Palestine absorbed over 200,000 Jews from the Third Reich and the rest of Europe. Between April 1939 and the end of World War II, Palestine absorbed some 80,000 Jewish refugees, over half of them "illegal," from Europe — far short of the 75,000 allowed by the Palestine White Paper of May 1939.

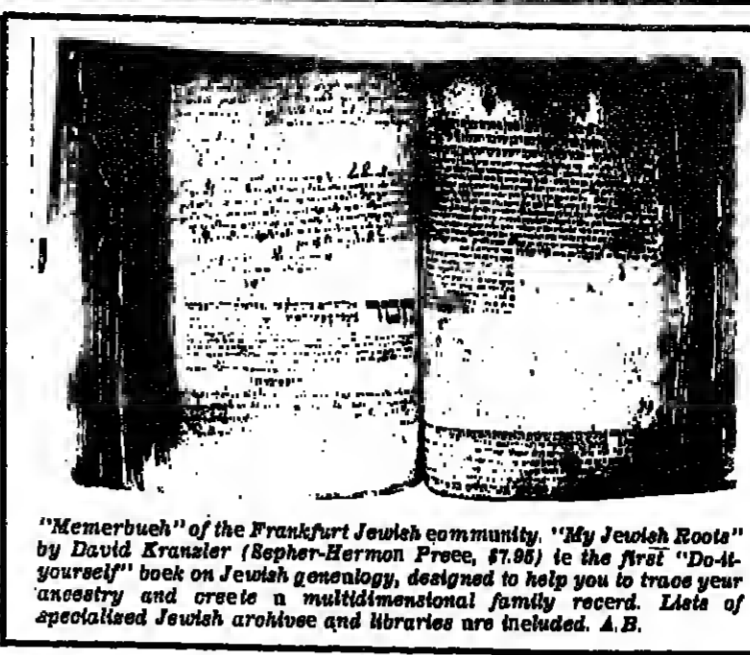
On December 17, 1942, deferring to the accumulating and incontrovertible evidence, Foreign Secretary Anthony Eden told the House of Commons that the Germans "are now carrying into effect Hitler's oft-repeated intention to exterminate the Jewish people in Europe. Poland has been made the principal Nazi slaughterhouse...The number of victims of these bloody cruelties is reckoned in many hundreds of thousands of entirely innocent men, women and children."

A mere 11 days after Eden's public condemnation of Hitler's "bestial policy of cold-blooded extermination," a Foreign Office Refugee Department official, Edward A. Welker, commented on a report from Ankara that perhaps as many as 70,000 Jews were about to emigrate from Rumania: "This is a frightful prospect but is one which will have to be faced. I think this is not the moment to raise objections of any kind to facilitating the escape of refugees, unless we are prepared to risk further archaeological approaches."

Walker was referring to the wrath of the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Moderator of the Free Churches, generated by the Home Secretary's continued unwillingness to contemplate greater Jewish immigration to Britain.

On December 31, 1942 — 14 days after Eden's announcement — Herbert Morrison, the home secretary, declared that he could not agree to the admission into Britain of more than "1,000-2,000 Jewish refugees."

If Britain was regarded as a crowded little island, the empire's colonies were apparently full of xenophobic natives. Writing of the West Indies, one Colonial Office official, K.E. Robinson, wrote so January 13, 1941, to the Foreign Office: "The introduction of a body of people, however



A frightful prospect

BRITAIN AND THE JEWS OF EUROPE 1939-1945 by Bernard Wasserstein. London, Institute of Jewish Affairs/Clarendon Press, Oxford. 289 pp. £7.95.

Benny Morris

small, which is entirely alien in every sense of the word, would be greeted resented by the working classes in the Colony and might well lead to serious trouble."

AS THE AUTHOR puts it: "Throughout the war the British and United States Governments continued the futile search among the waste places of the earth for suitable havens for Jewish refugees."

There was even talk in 1940 of establishing a second "Jewish National Home" in British Guiana — desirable, in the words of one candid official, "to solve the conscience of H.M.G. in relation to European Jewry."

Between 1939 and 1942 the Germans were still intent on solving their "Jewish problem" by expulsion; it was Britain, Wasserstein convincingly argues, that effectively sealed off Europe to Jewish escape. No one, anywhere, would have the Jews in any but the most symbolic numbers — except the Yishuv. And the British did not want them in Palestine.

From the end of 1941 until the end of the war it was almost impossible for Jews to escape from Europe, because of what amounted to complementary German and British policies.

A flood of Jews headed for Palestine was the nightmare of all

mented: "If they go back they will all be killed." No one contradicted him, but Whitehall persisted in opposing the ship's passage through the Dardanelles, fearing its eventual arrival on Palestinian shores. The British dreaded the "precedent", speciously, they argued that the ship contained "persons working in Axis interests."

The Turks eventually tired of the sickness-ridden hulk lying off their shore and towed it out into the Black Sea waters, on February 26, 1942, it exploded and sank, probably the casualty of a Soviet torpedo or a stray mine. There was only one survivor.

The author assigns prime responsibility for the tragedy to Lord Moyns, colonial secretary, and to Sir Harold MacMichael, British high commissioner in Palestine. Moyns was assassinated by Jewish terrorists. Soon after the sinking, MacMichael cabled the Colonial Office: "The fate of these people was tragic, but the fact remains they were nationals of a country at war with Britain, proceeding direct from enemy territory. Palestine was under no obligations towards them."

Sparadically during 1943 and more often in 1944 the British government was urged to impede the Nazi extermination programme by bombing either the death camps or the railway lines leading to them.

Churchill and Eden supported the idea. But the air minister and, more important, various ministry officials, succeeded in burying the proposal beneath reams of correspondence, minutes, and memoranda. Technical objections, relating to distance and the impossibility of achieving accuracy, were added to the assertion that as the deportation of Hungarian Jews to Auschwitz had stopped, bombing the camps was pointless.

Wasserstein rejects both arguments. He points out that on September 13, 1944, the U.S. 16th Air Force bombed and quite accurately bombed I.G. Farben's industrial complex near Auschwitz. And the gas chambers continued to operate until the end of October, with the murder of inmates continuing until the Russians arrived in January 1945.

WHAT CREATED this indifference to the plight of European Jewry among the mandarins of Whitehall and the politicians in the cabinet? What underlay their unwillingness to assist or absorb Jewish refugees from the Holocaust?

Wasserstein notes the occasional surfacing of overtly anti-Semitic sentiments in the official records. A joint Foreign Office-

Colonial Office memorandum of January 1940 stated: "The problem is...an organised invasion of Palestine for political motives, which exploits the facts of the refugee problem and unscrupulously uses the humanitarian appeal of the latter to justify itself."

Sir John Shuckburgh, the deputy under-secretary at the Colonial Office, wrote of the Jews of Palestine in 1940: "I am convinced that in their hearts they hate us and have always hated us; they hate all Gentiles." An official of the Foreign Office, less affected by anti-Semitic currents, wrote in April 1941 of a Colonial Office official's memorandum: "He regards the Jews as no less our enemies than the Germans." But anti-Semitism by itself does not, as Wasserstein asserts, sufficiently explain British conduct.

He focuses on several other causes. Palestine, with its problem of illegal immigration, served as a "precedent." The need to combat such immigration, as the officials conceived it, predated the Holocaust, and the policy was carried over, sometimes unthinkingly, into the new era.

First and foremost, Britain's civil servants sought to win the war. Jewish immigration to Palestine was at best a tangential issue in this context; at worst, it was viewed as detrimental to British interests and injurious to its war-making capacity.

But above all, British officials were unable to grasp what was happening in Europe, to comprehend the dimensions of the Jewish tragedy, even after repeated confirmation of the horrors. As Wasserstein puts it: "The narrower horizons of the official mind rarely stretched to encompass the vastness of the horror which had overtaken the Jews of Europe...The blunting of ordinary human feelings when institutionalised in the straitjacket of bureaucratic procedure may also form a partial explanation."

Wasserstein attempts to illustrate the failure of imagination: "The majority of men, given a can of petrol and told to pour it over a child of three and ignite it, will tend to disobey the order. Yet put the same decent men in aircraft a few hundred feet above a town, and they will often be ready to inflict death or appalling pain on masses of men, women and children."

He quotes Richard Crossman's reaction to Buchenwald: "Though we had heard and reported many stories of Nazi massacres of Jews and Slavs, we had never believed in the possibility of 'genocide'...Now we were to realize that our propaganda had fallen far behind the truth." □

Renaissance man

THE EVIL forces of Rome haven't a chance against Florence and her brilliant young hero, Leonardo da Vinci. (In a preface, the authors deny any resemblance between their da Vinci and the historical one.) But this doesn't stop the villainous Count Rialto, Rome's Captain General and "nephew" of Pope Sixtus IV, from doing his unlevel best to do Leonardo in.

Rialto comes nowhere near to unseating Shakespeare's Iago as Italy's omnipotent malefactor. Like all the characters sandwiched between the pages of this novel, he is as stiff as a Jack of Spades on a glossy playing card.

THE MEDICI EMERALD by Martin Woodhouse and Robert Ross. London, Coronet. 224 pp. 95p.

David Brauner

In a series of anachronistic adventures, Leonardo superimposes on the 16th century the technology still hundreds of years in the future. He invents an underwater diving apparatus, a device & prosthetic hand, discovers Maltese (as opposed to Greenwich) Mean Time, and builds a marine chronometer.

The authors display a broad, if not deep, familiarity with the 16th century. They make accurate references to the *Ephemerides* of Regiomontanus and the *Almanach Perpetuum* of Abraham Zacuto, "the Jew astronomer." True to his historical twin, Leonardo is portrayed as a gunner in an age when gunnery was dangerous because the cannon, shot and powder were imperfectly wrought and gunners had a short life-expectancy. The art lay in life-expectancy. The art lay in avoiding explosions at the breach, while charging enough for the ball to find its mark.

THE SAVING grace of *The Medici Emerald* is its setting in the 16th century, an era of discovery and re-discovery whose achievements and strivings have been surpassed only in our own century. □

THE AUTHOR of these cool, provocative memories was killed last month by gunmen belonging to a right-wing terrorist group calling itself "Honour of the Police."

Previously he had been at the centre of a *cause célèbre* known to some observers as the Goldman Affair, considered by others as a new Dreyfus Affair. Writing in prison amidst legal and political controversy, the author struggles against his conviction for a double murder he did not commit, but admits to three armed robberies. Goldman does not wot to arouse pity; he analyzes himself as a rootless and complex young man with strong socialist convictions and a mysterious aura as a revolutionary in a racist society.

A summary execution

DIM MEMORIES OF A POLISH JEW BORN IN FRANCE by Pierre Goldman. Translated by Joan Pinkham. New York, Viking. \$21.50.

Israel Margalith

Goldman was born out of wedlock in 1944 to a couple of radical Polish Jews active in the French Resistance. He was left by his mother, who returned to Poland, and was raised paragonically by his father and stepmother. Psychologists attempting to find a cause for antisocial

behaviour because of a broken family would be frustrated by some aspects of these memoirs. Goldman maintained a good and sincere relationship with his father and stepmother. He also kept contact with his natural mother and spent some years with her in Poland. His criminal acts aimed against society stemmed from his youthful convictions coupled with a carefree anarchist attitude, complex circumstantialities, and a wounded personality without a firm identity.

THE TITLE of these memoirs suggests the identity crisis ex-

pligently. Goldman's search for national, social and political aims led him to revolutionary leftist circles and Third World causes. But he was also self-destructive.

He rediscovered his links with Judaism through the Jewish chaplain of prisons, whose "regular, devoted visits," he writes, "brought me a warm and comforting fraternity."

Goldman sent this rabbi — an Algerian — an anguished confession, in which he swore his innocence, "on the martyrdom of our people at this time of the Holocaust." The rabbi became his impassioned defender, and suggested the letter be submitted in trial. Goldman refused, thinking that "no guy could understand its meaning." The story of the trial is a brief

but perceptive and interesting analysis of the contradictions of justice. The judge was a liberal Jew, but the trial was racist, says Goldman, because most of his friends were West Indian and he was a Jew who had no wish to be integrated. His sentence was applauded by the right-wing press, while the liberals deplored it.

Goldman's memoirs have been hailed not only as a great human document but as a literary work, and were suggested for one of the major French literary awards. The author objected, considering the book's purpose to secure a retrial, which was indeed ordered. Goldman was exonerated of the murder charge, served six years in prison, and was paroled in 1976. □

FLANNERY O'CONNOR died at 39 of the disease called lupus which, for 15 years, had fed off her body and gnawed at her bones like the wolf it is named after. But anyone who thinks that the letters so lovingly preserved by those who received them record either complaint or case-history, reveal falling powers or uncertain faith or, what may be worse, maintain a stiff upper lip and a blind eye, had better acquaint himself right now with *The Habit of Being*.

There is so much to praise — beginning with the ineluctable perfection of the title — that review heatitates on the doorstep of paces. Here is a supple world of wonder created by Flannery, that self-styled "innocent speller" ("The simpler the word the more likely I am to come up with a rare spelling"), breeder of peafowl and Chinese geese, that undeniably saintly soul with a most unsaintly tongue.

Second laurels for the creation of this world must go to Sally Fitzgerald, who solicited and collected the letters, tried (I think successfully) to winnow a big enough sample for the reader to savour the nature of Flannery's relationship with each correspondent, and provided glosses and a short poignant commentary that serves better than heavily documented biography to keep us in Flannery's presence.

LET ME tell you, first, a little about Flannery, a little about lupus, and a little about the "habit of art" that she forged out of the "habit of being." Having been born in Savannah, Georgia, grown up in Milledgeville, her mother's birthplace, and graduated from Georgia State College, she, like thousands of young southerners determined to write, migrated northwards.

After two scholarship years at the School for Writers of the Stites University of Iowa and another year in and around New York, she went to complete her first novel at the Connecticut home of her friends Robert and Sally Fitzgerald. There she was stricken with lupus — which had killed her father when she was 15, which is not congenital, which finally (as opposed to 10 years earlier when Edward O'Connor died in a couple of months) could be stabilized by steroids — and carried half-dead to her mother's farm, Andisula, in Milledgeville.

Except for a few grudging lecture tours (always more gratifying than she anticipated), and a

Cast a cold eye



FLANNERY O'CONNOR: *The Habit of Being*. Letters edited by Sally Fitzgerald. New York, Farrar, Straus, Giroux. \$17 pp. \$15.

Evelyn Strouse

bnky trip to Rome and other European holy places ("About the Lourdes business, I am going as a pilgrim, not a patient. I will not be taking any bath. I am one of those people who could die for his religion easier than take a bath for it"), she stayed there gladly and for good.

She had no choice. Lupus exhausts the energy and imprisons its victims: sunshine and cold are alike murderous, bone-deeply dictating crutches ("I now walk about flying-butressed"), steroids encourage tumour and infection. But Flannery accepted it, learned how best to keep it quiescent, and wrote to Robert Lowell in 1953: "I am making out fine in spite of any conflicting stories...I have enough energy to write with and as that is all I have any business doing anyhow, I can with one eye squinted take it all as a blessing. What you have to measure out, you come to observe more closely, or so I tell myself."

AND HOW she observed: her "clown-faced peacock" ("I used to say I wanted so many of them that every time I went out the door I'd step on one. Now every time I

like an abstractionist"). Half the letters are spruced up with at least one Regina anecdote: "Regina is getting very literary. 'Who is this Kn'kn?' she says. 'People ask me.' A German Jew, I says. I think. He wrote a book about a man that turns into a roach. 'Well, I can't tell people /that,' she says. 'Who is this Evella Wow?'"

IT IS indicative of Flannery's quality that the fun in her refusal to be subdued by her absolute seriousness of purpose and belief. She worked for three hours every morning, often writing in longhand because she was without the strength to strike the keys of the typewriter, but she said only that it's better to be sitting at the desk even when the work doesn't "come well. And the fact is that if you don't sit there every day, the day it would come well, you won't be sitting there."

She was generous, lavish, with help and advice and paid minute attention to the details of the work of others: many of her longest letters were addressed to unknowns who had sent manuscripts for criticism. But she shuddered to think that her counsel might be followed, incapable of "educated" evaluation as she considered herself: "I suppose I read Aristotle in college, but not to know I was doing it; the same with Plato...total non-retention has kept my education from being a burden to me. So I couldn't make any judgment..."

Yet her taste was impeccable, or so it seems to me. "I have discovered a short-story writer," she wrote, "who is better than any of them, including myself. Go to the library and see if they have a book called *The Magic Barrel* by Bernard Malamud."

If she was painstaking with other people's work, she was merciless with her own. She said that she could really only expect to produce one short story a year (although she did a great deal of gratuitous writing, and the lectures she gave were composed, out of responsibility to her audience, weeks beforehand); indeed, *Wise Blood*, her first novel, was five years in the making, and her second, *The Violent Bear It Away*, seven.

She had a few trusted professional friends without whose comment she never presented a piece of work for publication, and she released nothing unless she had brought it as close as she could to realiza-

tion. Her problem was not verbal — her ear was remarkable — but textual: her effort in everything she wrote was to make "the divinity of Christ seem consistent with the structure of all reality...in spite of a world that doesn't feel it, in spite of characters who don't live it."

SHE REASONED out such matters with most of her correspondents, many of whom brought an interpretation to her oeuvre that she was at pains either to expound or correct, usually apologizing for "too much talk about my own book" (noting frequently to Snily Fitzgerald, however, that she was reduced to helpless laughter by her own stories: "I appreciate them more than anybody").

Her letters prove her an uncompromisingly Catholic writer of unshakable faith and in continual turmoil. "What people don't realize is how much religion costs. They think that faith is a big electric blanket when of course it is the cross." But the struggle towards faith is not as onerous as the struggle towards grace ("human nature is so faulty that it can resist any amount of grace"), which is why each story struggles to illuminate the moment when grace has been offered and accepted, or to show how the experience of grace changes a character even when the character himself is unaware of or inarticulate about the experience.

This is serious stuff; Flannery, who would have said that she trusted most in prayer, was steeped in theology: St. Thomas was her bedside companion ("I feel I can personally guarantee that St. Thomas loved God because for the life of me I cannot help loving St. Thomas"), and Teilhard de Chardin, Simone Weil, Paul Tillich, Eber, St. John of the Cross, and a raft of theologians most of us would have to be paid to study, enriched her understanding of what she felt called upon to convey.

Although most literary critics insist that the written word should stand without reference to the writer, these letters are also verbal utterances, and what they reveal about Flannery's purposes and beliefs and involvement with the people she created must intensify the impact of her stories. Anyone who reads the letters will reread the stories. And to read the letters is, in a small degree, to experience grace. □

THE MEDIEVAL underworld? Yes. Not the shoot-'em-up, international drugtrafficking kind, but a ragtag collection of outsiders unceremoniously assembled under a selling title.

Among them you will find our own brethren, in a chapter entitled "Jews," neatly sandwiched between "Sorcerers and Witches" and "Hell." I haaten to add, however, that McCall believes our forefathers were most unjustly wronged by the goyim of previous centuries. He is pro-Jewish, you might say.

To justify his tackling so long a period and such diverse phenomena, the author states: "It is hoped that this present sketch, which looks at the period from the point of view of 'the outsider'... Southwark, across the Thames an understanding of a millennium that was so important."

Perhaps He certainly deserves credit for exhaustive research which is reflected in the bibliography, and a readable style. It's a scholarly book on a

What else is new?

THE MEDIEVAL UNDERWORLD by Andrew McCall. London, Hamish Hamilton. \$19 pp. £7.50.

Reuven Rosenfelder

piquant subject, with the emphasis on scholarly.

SOME amusing information may be gleaned, however. Take for example Henry II's legislation to regulate the action in London's historical red-light district. Southwark, across the Thames an understanding of a millennium that was so important. The preamble states that there were always rules concerning the establishments known as "stewes," but lately, "to the great displeasur of the King," they have been ignored. Hence the need for legislation per-

overtight shirts and tunics." So what else is new?

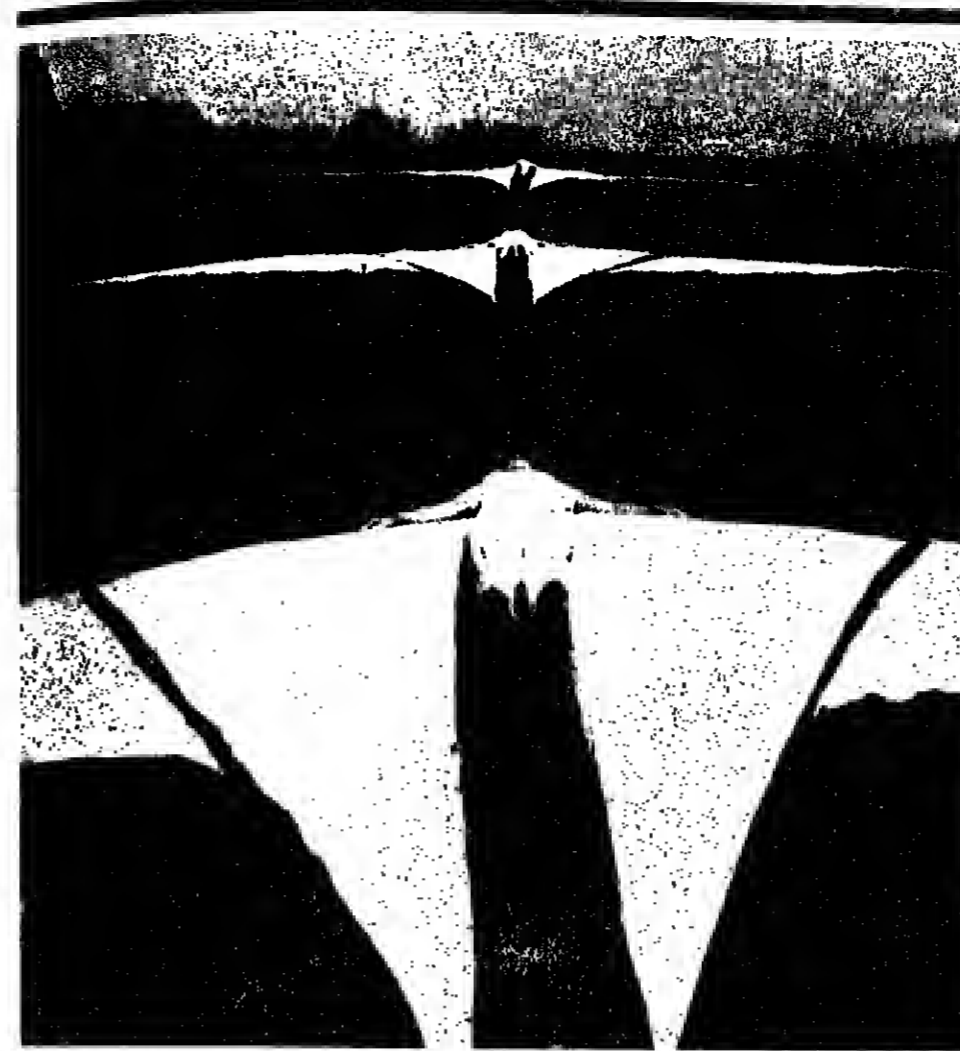
YET THE author tells us that despite vehement indignation recorded in the literature, there is scant documentation as to actual prosecution and sentencing of homosexuals. Medieval society, he observes, had a tendency "to exaggerate, especially where anything gloomy or sinful was involved."

It is a sad comment that amidst such company (we haven't mentioned bandits, freebooters, outlaws, thieves, beggars, heretics), Jews should occupy a chapter. McCall seems to believe that they fit into the broad context of his treatise. But to portray the immensely complex relationship between Jews and their Christian environment over several centuries in a 30-page chapter is plainly impossible. Despite a degree of insight, McCall can relate only to a few random incidents and observations. We are given the following exciting sample of impeccable logic and

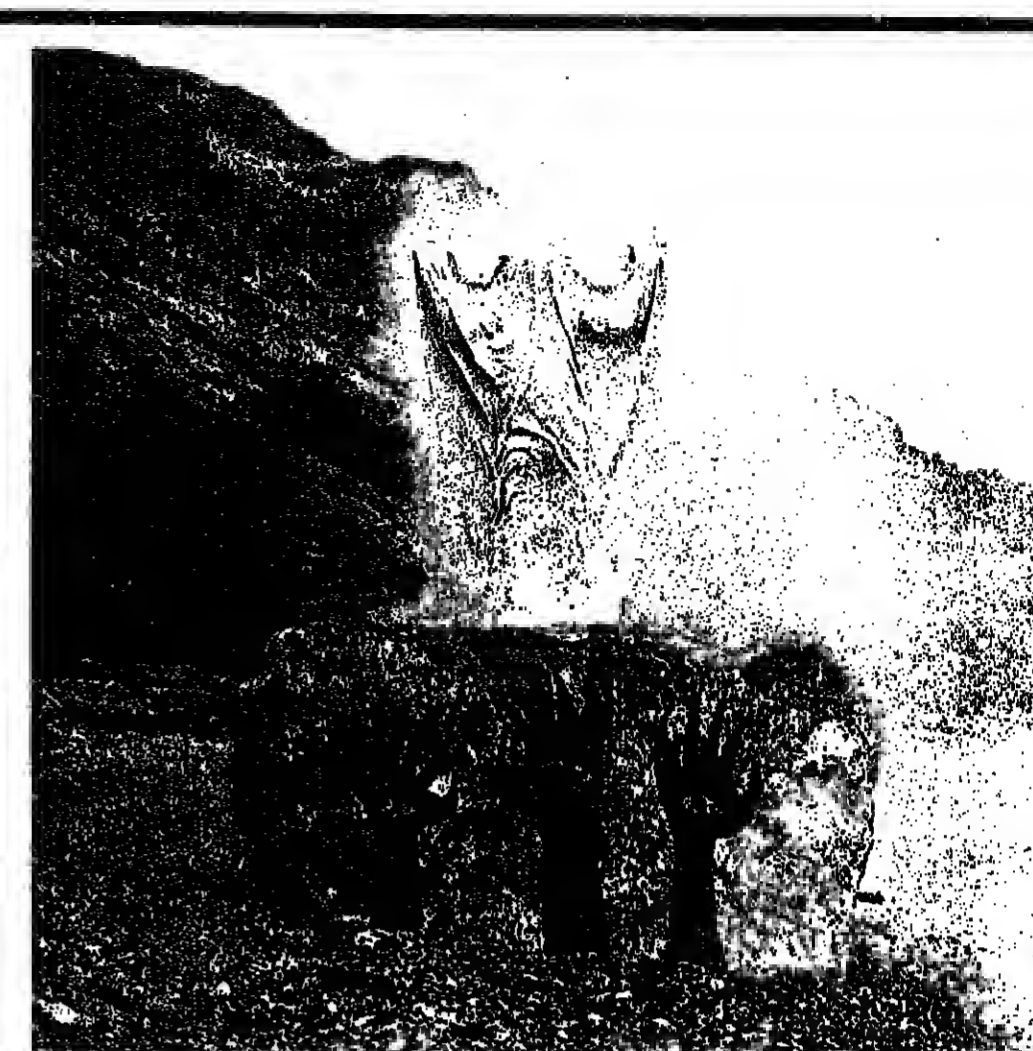
style by the 13th century English jurist Bracton: "A Jew cannot have anything of his own, because whatever he acquires, he acquires not for himself but for the King, because they do not live for themselves but for others and so they acquire for others and not for themselves."

In accordance with this theory, England's King John in 1210 "found it expedient to arrest all the Jews in his kingdom and insist that they purchase their freedom. A Jew in Brietot who challenged the official assessment of his wealth had a tooth torn out of his gums every day until he agreed to save the last few by paying up the full ten thousand marks expected of him."

Poor King John. It was as tough as pulling teeth. If medieval history is your bag, this book isn't a bad thing; what with old illustrations to liven it up. A good number of them show what is going on in the hall, where this underworld crowd is said to be getting what it had coming to it. □



Avraham Ofek: "Wings of Earth" (J'lem Artists House).



Michael Grobman: "Angst of Death."

Art and contrivance

Meir Ronnen

ALL ART is contrivance — poor art is where this fact remains obvious. This is a thought that perennially strikes one when surveying the works of a trio of artists who form the Leviathan group, a fiercely ideological little cell. Its main artistic pillar is Avraham Ofek, a long familiar and highly visible figure who promotes one cause after another and who sits on various committees formed by official institutions; but the real musclepiece of the group is Michael Grobman. One has only to glance at his rabid manifestos to know that he comes from Russia. The third musketeer is Shmuel Ackerman, another immigrant from Russia (1973).

Caught between two worlds and ground down by a half a dozen different art movements of the Sixties and early Seventies, this trio have, in the search for something new, abandoned their previous approaches or adapted them to their new ideology. Unfortunately, despite the production of some impressive pieces, they are all still following in the footsteps of known body-artists and earth artists, chiefly British and German, who have beaten them to the creative punch by a decade. They themselves have become what they term "blind puppies," the painters who turn to new techniques.

In their manifesto, other artists are variously termed grocers, prostitutes, fat cats, clowns. The manifesto calls for a "merciless campaign" against "the pushers of illusionism," against realism and conceptual art. This frighteningly Fascist and Inartistic statement ends with the words "Death to Realism."

What does the group offer instead? "Magic symbolism" that

ties the artist to his environment. The work is constructed or taken out of doors, or even painted on the landscape. The magic is less that of the Messic mystic (Ofek, a Bezalel teacher then faced with dismissal, recently led a brief campaign for art with "Jewish content") than that of a prehistoric shaman armed with ritual objects and fetiches.

Ofek's works are all well thought out and very well done. One series combines "wings" of cloth attached to or held by real people lying on hillsides. Documented by photographs and explained by working sketches, they remind one of the prehistoric giant White Horse traced on the Wiltshire Downs. Here they produce an illusion of perspective flight by an earthbound fearus. Even the title is effective: "Wings of Earth."

Another Ofek series deals with ritual plowing, complete with a large rope-and-cloth ox idol, below which are bunched the sharpened totemic plowing sticks. Then there is a whole series of small ritual fetiches made of decoratively carved stones into which the sharpened sticks have been inserted. They are all impeccably made and some have a sculptural quality. But it is impossible to ignore the element of artificial contrivance; and the fact that Heinz-Gerhard Walther and his students have demonstrated much the same sort of body-and-cloth thing in Germany over the last decade.

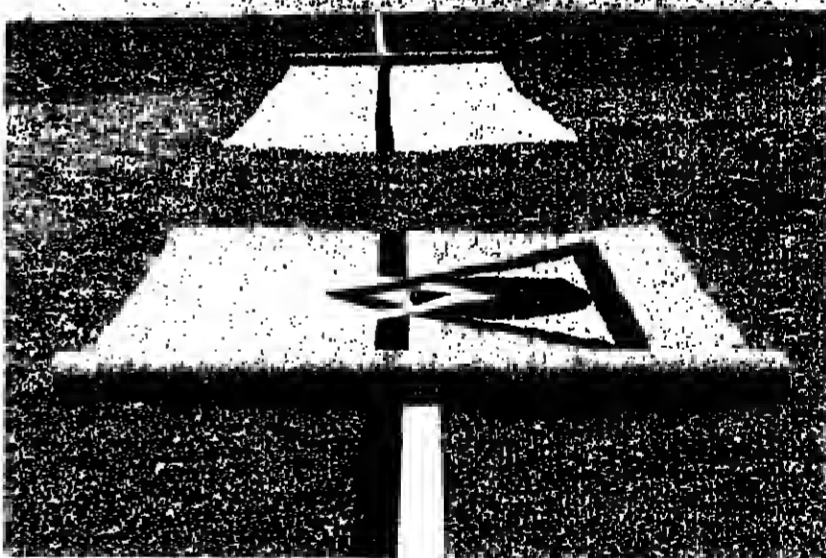
Grobman's major piece here is a photo documentation of his and his friend's "Samothracian draped figure perched on top of an altar-like Dead Seahorse rock." Painted on the altar are ritual hands with eyes in their palms. Elsewhere, Grobman leaves trails or Hebrew letter forms marked on rocks. Grob-

man's work is often marred by a cheap decorative illustrative quality, the very sort of thing he sees and derides in others.

Ackerman was the odd man out among the largely conservative group of Russians who have come here since 1973; he has always exhibited hard-edge abstractions, though chiefly based on decorative and symmetrical forms, rather like a combination of Paul Klee and what you see in a child's glass kaleidoscopes. Ackerman has simplified some of these forms, transferred them to immense rolls of paper, and laid them out in the landscape. In one case a photo document shows a painted double line running through a Yang-Yin type symbol into the Dead Sea. The torn rolls are entitled "megilla" and other scroll works are on show at the installation.

Grobman has written that "meditation upon a magic symbolic object leads man into the circle of Kabbalistic concepts, to a mystical religious experience of the soul..." Elsewhere he writes that insects, trees and animals are "perfect works of art" and that whoever "attempts to copy them is a thief, a plagiarist, a miserable impersonator in whom the spirit of freedom is dead." Well, he and his friends have produced an often interesting show, but people who live in glass houses should not throw too many stones. (Jerusalem Artists House). Till October 24.

GAD GANEM shows oils, pastels and collages, sometimes mixing mediums. His field abstractions are all curiously compositionally dead. Even the identical rectangles of the frames seem wrong. One feels like scissoring out bits of the better passages. (Jerusalem Artists House). Till October 24.



Shmuel Ackerman: "Megilla."

DAVID SHARIR is well known to many Israelis and to just as many tourists as a highly skilled painter of decorative, whimsical Biblical scenes. He is also a designer (since 1964) of often stunning theatre sets; last year he completed a remarkable set for the Boston Opera. His current show is a very different cup of tea, abstractions painted back between 1962-65, a few of them ginged-up for this viewing. However the abstractions too remain largely decorative, chiefly because Sharir, then studying Renaissance and Baroque floor plans in Rome, settled for a simple cross axis that divides all of the compositions into four equal areas. The technique is impeccable, but the compositions and colour leave one quite unmoved. (Debel Gallery, Ein Karem).

Art lessons in Jewish Quarter

Post Art Editor

"STUDIO PLUS" is a new venture in the Jewish Quarter where artist Eileen Miln, Rachel Landau and Alia Olmert have taken studios in what was formerly the Arnon Gallery. They intend to run a studio-gallery, give art classes and serve refreshments in a coffee-house area. The directors are Don and Eileen Miln and Richard Nash, who can be contacted at 02-631193 until the studio's number, 27253, is connected. Hours are 9 a.m.-2 p.m.; 4-6 p.m. Fridays 9 a.m.-2 p.m. Parking is distant, out on Mt. Zion. □

Orient express

THE INVASION began subtly some years ago. We are already accustomed to Chinese-style food products in supermarkets, Philippine wooden bowls and Thai straw mats in gift shops, garments from Taiwan and Korea in clothing departments, and Japanese dinner sets among the housewares. But the invading horde of Far Eastern merchandise seems to be gathering momentum, accompanied by radio jingles advertising a whole chain of Far East shops.

This month the theme dominates one of Israel's major department stores, the Shalom Stores in Tel Aviv. This is not the first Far East promotion at Kol-Bo Shalom: there was one nine years ago.

Because it is a comprehensive department store, Shalom is offering a far wider range of goods from the East than you find in any other single outlet — housewares, gifts, linens, clothing, toys, paper supplies, furniture, foods, bathroom fixtures, car accessories. The goods fall from Hong Kong, the Philippines, Thailand, Taiwan, Japan and Korea.

Today's imports from the Far East are not what they used to be, says Shalom Stores managing director Shmuel Mayer. We used to think of the East as a source of shoddy goods at cheap prices.

"Not any more," claims Mayer. "Over the past few years, the quality of Far Eastern goods has risen considerably — and so have the prices. Hong Kong, for instance, was once considered a source of cheap low-quality textiles; now it has become a major fashion centre with top design and finish. But you can still find some bargains at our Far East month," he adds quickly.

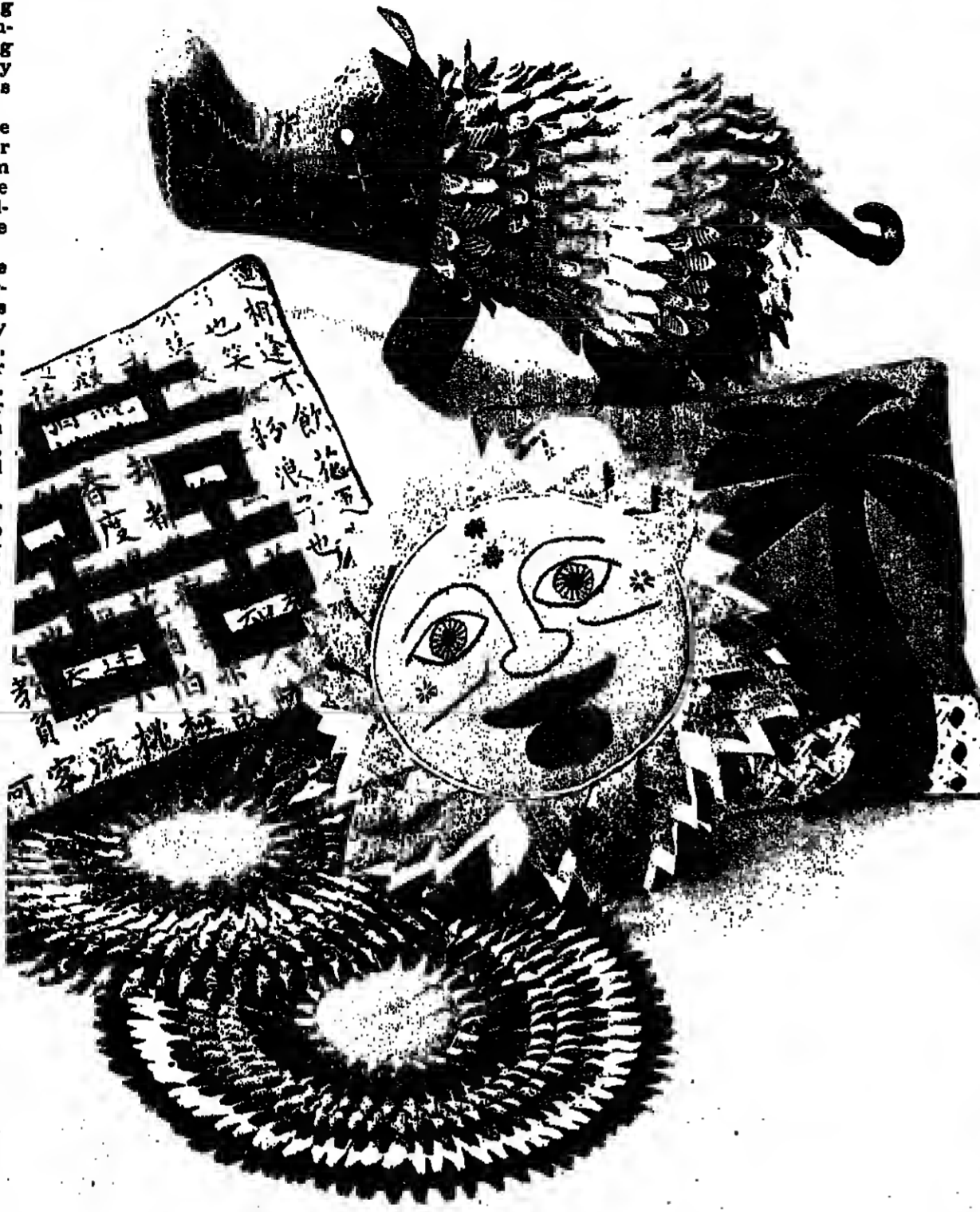
I COULD NOT begin to enumerate all the individual items currently available at Shalom. Many are hard to recognize as such since they are mixed in with other stock and do not look particularly "Oriental." This is true, for instance, of such items as men's corduroy slipper jackets, modestly priced at IL1,890, or women's umbrellas at IL295, or Terry-cloth towels, or bathroom mirrors.

At the other extreme are the items that hit you in the eye with their exotic appearance — such as the bright-coloured cotton throw-pillows in a variety of animal shapes, at around IL300 apiece, scattered throughout the store, as the decorative motif of the entire project.

Other items that catch the eye: a rattan "emperor's chair" in the furniture department; quilted cotton jackets (IL800) in women's fashions; shellwork (called "capiz") light fixtures on the lower floor; Chinese rice noodles from Bangkok, and a variety of Chinese sauces and teas; jewellery boxes covered with Thai silk; colourful pullover sweaters from Taiwan (IL265).

The lower floor of the store has been fixed up to resemble a Far Eastern street bazaar. There you'll find stainless steel cutlery from Korea, Japanese porcelain and Philippine ceramic dishes, baskets, shellwork, and a variety of gadgets, including a "salad spinner" at IL235 for those too lazy to mix their own, a chain-link alarm for the front door (IL210), and, for the man who has everything, car vacuum cleaners which work off the cigarette lighter (IL810 and IL975).

For the child who has everything, there is "Chimp the Xylophone Player," a plastic-and-metal blond monkey that plays a



choice of four records on a battery-operated "computer." It costs IL1,779 — and even a monkey could operate it.

Little girls will probably like the plastic musical jewelry boxes at IL185 but they aren't half as pretty as the Thai silk jewel boxes at IL295 and IL395. My booby-prize for "kitsch" would go to the shell-covered jewel boxes from the Philippines, which start at IL110.

Kol-Bo Shalom's Far East promotion will continue officially through the end of October, though some items will undoubtedly remain on the shelves after that, just as you can still find merchandise from the American and Food Fair they had in July.

As part of the present project, Shalom Stores have sponsored a visit by the Folklorico Filipino Dance Company, which is entertaining the shop's customers free of charge and also making some concert appearances.

ANYONE WHO listens to the commercial channels of Kol Yisrael can hardly have failed to hear the Chinese-sounding jingles from a new chain of shops called "Shai-Kong." Ami Harel,

MARKETING WITH MARTHA

who set up the chain, says that Shai is his son's name as well as the Hebrew word for gift; the "Kong" obviously reminds people of Hong Kong, though this is one of the places in the Far East he does NOT import from.

Harel spent six years importing goods from the Far East into Israel, but left there end came home to open his local chain about six months ago. He goes on a buying trip every other month. He says he knows where to order at the most advantageous prices, from village industries in the provinces, and tries to adapt designs to Israeli tastes.

Half a year is a very short time to build up a chain of 10 shops — Tel Aviv (16 Ben Yehuda), Jerusalem (35 Yafu), Beersheba, Ramat Gan, Bat Yam, Kfar Saba, Hadera, Afula, with Haifa to open later this month, at 12 Hanevi'im.

country, within a year's time.

How does he do it? Instead of buying or renting shops himself, he supplies goods on consignment to individuals who own or rent premises. All shops carry the Shai-Kong name and stock Harel's merchandise exclusively. He sets the prices, identical throughout the chain. The financial arrangements are very simple: the shopkeeper keeps 30 per cent of each day's takings, and turns over the other 70 per cent to Harel's bank account.

The retailer has no money tied up in merchandise. If an item doesn't sell well, Harel removes it to another branch, or to his warehouse. Harel claims he works on a slim 10 per cent profit margin aiming at a high turnover. Last weekend, he conducted a three-day training course for his affiliated shopkeepers, most of them women who are the family's secondary breadwinner and are satisfied with a monthly income of IL10,000 to IL15,000 (though some make as much as IL30,000).

One of the lessons in the course was how to wear the Far Eastern costume which is to be the mandatory garb for shop personnel.

Martha Meisels

IT WOULD BE impossible to write about the Far Eastern import craze without mentioning the high-class "Class" chain, which concentrates on total home decor and sells goods from all over the world, but relies heavily on the Far East. Its shops, about which I have written before, are at Dizengoff Centre, on upper Dizengoff, and in Ramat Hasharon. In Tel Aviv, in the field of elegant and pricey Far Eastern imports, there are the veteran "Pagoda," on Frishman near Dizengoff, and the newer "Fines" in the London Mini-Stores complex at 30 Ibn Gvirol. There are doubtless others throughout the country. And since in Israel, success always has its imitators, there will probably be more before we are finished with the Far Eastern craze.

What is all this doing to Israel's Far East trade balance? Not much harm, probably, since most of these gift shop imports are small-time stuff in dollar terms, and — according to the 1978 figures I received from the Ministry of Industry, Trade and Tourism — our balance with the Far East is heavily in our favour at present. We export goods to the value of \$205.8m. to the Far East against \$205.8m. in imports, the main factor in this favourable balance being the great quantities of diamonds we export to Hong Kong and Japan, apparently enough to offset all those imported Japanese cars, radios and tape-recorders. Direct import from China is illegal, by the way.

The importation of small consumer items, mostly handmade, obviously find it pays — mainly because of the very low wages in the Far East. Even after paying customs duties of about 100 per cent on textiles and 80 per cent on other goods, the Eastern imports compete easily with similar fashion and gift wares from Europe and those locally manufactured. And this despite the fact that the government has recently tightened up on standards and labelling requirements for imported goods — for the protection of the consumer, according to the ministry, and for the greater protection of local industry, according to individual importers and the Federation of Chambers of Commerce. Whenever it is, Far Eastern goods are coming in to Israel in ever-increasing quantities.

Martha Meisels

Oriental standards of courteous service will also be stressed, and dissatisfied customers may exchange goods but not get cash refunds and gifts from one shop are exchangeable at any branch. At the Afula branch, you will be waited on by two Vietnamese women, from among the "best people" absorbed in Israel. Oriental background is to be introduced at all the shops.

Harel's aim is a popular-priced chain. Some of his 2,000 items, many of them suitable for a wedding or house gift are priced as low as IL50, but the general range is IL150-IL700. The most expensive item at present is a huge hand-embroidered tablecloth at IL3,500.

There are mother-of-pearl light fixtures in the IL700-IL2,000 range, and hand-painted bottles at IL1,000-IL2,000. In the clothing line, there are women's blouses at IL400-IL600 and kimonos at IL800-IL900. There are also some men's shirts, and a few pieces of cane furniture.

Shai-Kong's main office is at 10 Smlansky in Netanya, tel. 066-92702.

The Weekend Dry Bones

